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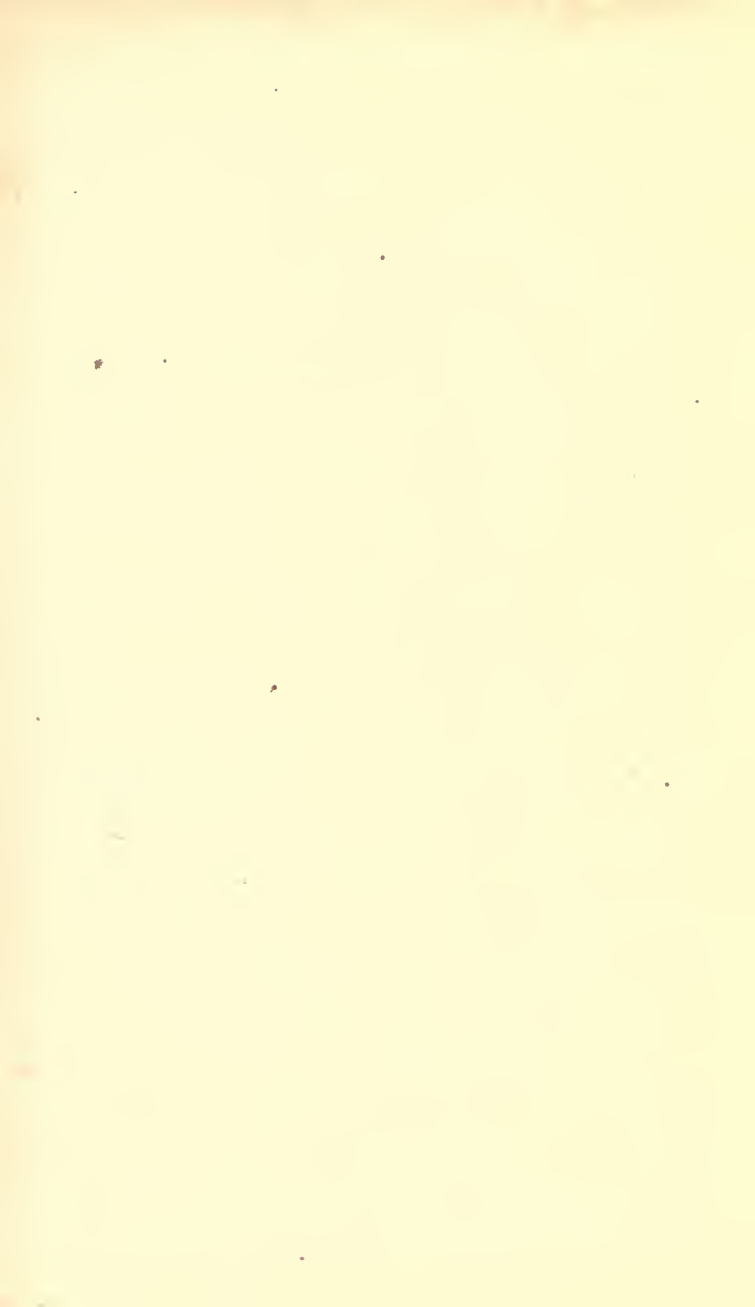


Am. Poems  
(1867)  
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J. A. Carter  
Chicago  
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ECHOS.

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BY

Mrs. M. A. ARCHER.

VOLUME FIRST.

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1867.

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BY MRS. M. A. ARCHER,

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Mrs. P. A. Dickerman,

A Talisman, a Coat of Arms, an Open Sesame  
to the confidence of the wisely good,  
permit me to set your dear  
name as a seal to my labors, my  
kindest and best friend.

“Be sure no earnest work  
Of any honest creature, howbeit weak,  
Imperfect, ill-adapted, fails so much,  
It is not gathered as a grain of sand  
To enlarge the sum of human action, used  
For carrying out God’s end.”

—BROWNING.

Not as an umpire, deciding what should be ; but as a faithful scribe  
giving expression to what is.

The agitating of thought, the conflicting of opinions, evoke the  
bracing breezes that purify and invigorate the atmosphere of the mind.

## PREFACE.

---

THE history of this little work, and its introduction to the public by subscription, is in itself a poem grandly beautiful. Traced in glowing lines of tenderest sympathies, Christ-like charities and spiritual appreciation. A child of sorrow, suffering in body, despondent in mind, sadly deficient in self-reliant courage, yet not disobedient to Heavenly visions, and eagerly earnest to lead other grievors to a newly-discovered fountain of consolation and delight, reaches trustingly upward to the hand of a Higher Guide, and commits herself to the tender mercies of strangers.

Wonderful surprise! The way grows bright with the blooms of kindly deeds; redolent with generous trust; and smooth with philanthropic aid. Far too numerous the benefactions to admit of mention, yet I cannot forbear honoring these humble pages by these few names, as "bright particular stars" in the galaxy of kindness. The Hon's Ashley Stone, Parley Starr, Pet. Holbrook, Dr. E. B. Holden, Mrs.

Nellie Temple Brigham, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Wills, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Stebbins,—and last, but not least, Dr. J. G. Holland, for his kindly introduction to the public.

If the work has any merit, it consists in its strict adherence to real life, each waif having a private history founded upon fact. And while the artistic critic will find much to condemn, the common heart of sorrowing humanity may find many an answering tone that will soothe, comfort and sustain. Ye shining friends, who have so faithfully fulfilled your promises to *me*, alike redeem this one pledge more, to repay a hundred fold the least and last who have bid me God-speed in my labors.

While passing through unexpected delays in the issue of this little work, the author finds an accumulation of manuscript sufficient to complete another volume; and those dear friends who will look with disappointment for the fulfillment of a desire in this, will find it hereafter, with the added vigor and more elaborate skill that health and experience gives. For the truth of the little histories told by the plates, refer to John Robinson, Lynn, Mass., I. M. French, Willimantic, Conn., and Capt. Marcy, Meriden, Conn. A second volume will have a fuller collection of such portraits.

M. A. A.

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## ECHOS.

---

O! do you not love the dear Echoes  
That play hide and seek in the glen?  
Where the flossy, gray mosses are streaming,  
And the fount leapeth out from the fen?  
The Echoes, that catch all the music  
And toss it from rock to ravine,  
Betrolling the trillings, and quavers,  
Far up in the shimmering sheen.

O! do you not love the dear Echoes?  
How they mellow each sound they have  
heard,  
Re-ringing the rich undulations  
Till the deeps of the spirit are stirred,  
The Echoes that fold to their bosoms  
Each wandering harmonic waif,  
Borne through their euphonious dominions,  
In billowy melody safe.

O! do you not love the dear Echoes

That glance through the grottoes of mind?  
 Returning the quaint thoughts of Childhood,  
 With Hope's gorgeous visions entwined;  
 The Echoes of fancies, and feelings,  
 That sang in Youth's rose-tinted morn,  
 Ere the minor-key added a cadence,  
 Of sad-eyed Experience born.

O! do you not love the dear Echoes

Reproducing each heart-spoken tone,  
 Of grieving, believing, or gladness,  
 Each hoping, or doubting, or moan?  
 The Echoes of Joy's thrilling sweetness,  
 The Echoes of wailing despair,  
 The Echoes of Faith's grand revealings,  
 Of the deep welling fountain of prayer;  
 The Echoes of Love's purest phases,  
 Of all of Life's varied delights;  
 The Echoes of fervid aspiring,  
 Of the Martyrs' firm fight for the right.

And if you do love the dear Echoes,

Here they troll in these pages of mine,  
 These tonings wrung out by affliction,  
 Consecrate to Humanity's shrine,

That sing of the Love of the Father,  
Of the bliss of the Blessed Beyond,  
And to each gurgling fount of true feeling,  
From the deeps of the spirit respond.

WHAT THE BIRDS SAID.

“A NEW bird in the wood!” “A new bird!”

“A new bird!”

“A new bird in the wood!” “A new bird!”

“Why, the wild-wood blossoms with birds in  
throng,

And the field and the meadow resound with  
songs;

Pray, how can you hope to be heard?”

“May-chance I'll discover some cheerless lane,  
Too sad to be reached by the gayer strain;  
O, there I may hope to be heard, Old  
Bird!

O, there I may hope to be heard!”

“Only think of the Lark, new bird, new bird!

Only think of the Lark, new bird!

That soareth so high, in his joy to vie

With the harps that hang in the gorgeous  
sky;

Pray, how can you hope to be heard?”

“May-chance the weak, or the weary ear,  
 Will fail such far-away strains to hear ;  
 O, then I may hope to be heard, Old Bird!  
 O, then I may hope to be heard !”

Remember the Bob o’link, bird, new bird !  
 Remember the Bob o’link, bird !  
 How he pashes, and dashes, and dives in bliss,  
 As the melodies leap from their deep abyss ;  
 Pray, how can you hope to be heard ?”  
 “May-chance he will halt, in the heat of the  
 day,  
 Or the gloom of the twilight may fright him  
 away ;  
 O, thus I may hope to be heard, Old Bird!  
 O, thus I may hope to be heard !

“But then, the nightingale, bird, new bird !  
 But then, the nightingale, bird !  
 How he sits in the hush, of the holy even,  
 And wafts the soul with his songs to heaven ;  
 Pray, how can you hope to be heard ?”  
 “May-chance in the chill of the autumn time,  
 He will hie him away to a sunny clime ;  
 O, then I may hope to be heard, Old Bird!  
 O, then I may hope to be heard !

“Then again, there’s the bird in the cage of  
gold,

Whose brilliant plumage may be bought  
and sold,

In summer’s heat or in winter’s cold ;

Pray, how can you hope to be heard ?”

“Ah, well, he may carol for those who delight

In gilded bondage and fettered flight ;

My wing shall be cageless, my music free,

And the loving, and lowly, will listen to me ;

And thus, even thus, I’ll be heard, Old

Bird !

And thus, even thus I’ll be heard !

## TANTALUS.

TANTALUS, Tantalus, O it is terrible!  
Lifted to look at bliss  
Lightly debarred.

Bowing adoringly down to the beautiful,  
Knowing 'twill naught with thee  
Worshipped afar.

Proffering rapturously Love's richest offering,  
Flouted like Cain of old,  
Frenzied with loss.

Tantalus, Tantalus, O it is terrible!  
Drawn to the door of Bliss,  
Deftly debarred.

Trav'ling with poesy, pleading imploringly,  
Power for delivering  
The soul's lava-tide.

Baffled and impotent, still-born, anomalous,  
 Petrified mockery  
 Gained by the pain.

Tantalus, Tantalus, O it is terrible!  
 Fast by the beat of Bliss,  
 Fatally barred.

Tantalus, Tantalus, *God has no TANTALUS*  
 Over the cycles His  
 Fingers have formed.

Travel no "might have beens," all is complet-  
 edness  
 When the grand ultimates  
 Stand forth unveiled.

In His Eternity, truly there's time enough,  
 Though stern Experience  
 Chasten thee long.

Faithfulest schoolmaster, gratefullest reverence,  
 Backward thou'lt smile at him  
 Crowned at the goal.



## KINDNESS.

TRUE kindness is a flowret rare,  
Perchance escaped from Eden,  
You'll know it by the ambient air,  
With richest perfume laden ;  
It delighteth to steal across the way  
Unhoped for, and unbidden ;  
And in the path where wanderers stray,  
Is often happily hidden.

How gratefully it bloomed for me  
In the walks of toil and sorrow,  
When shadows gathered gloomily,  
And dreary looked the morrow ;  
And *thine* the hand that placed it there,  
By thy own kind heart bidden,  
May Heaven return the favor care  
With happiness like Eden.

With deeds as kind to cheer thy way  
Through all the coming morrow,  
'Till thou shalt gain the glorious day  
That never knoweth sorrow.  
My grateful love shall turn to thee  
With reverent caressings,  
Imploring that thy path may be  
'Mid the Father's richest blessings.

That light, and love, and rarest worth,  
Enhales thee with brightness,  
Till thou shalt shine to bless the earth,  
A star of purest whiteness.  
And when shall reach the inner ear,  
The dash of yonder "River,"  
In pealing anthems may you hear  
Hosannas high forever.

## UNITED.

As the mountain torrents,  
Gathering into one  
Broader, deeper, grander,  
Hasten proudly on,  
Thus the firm and faithful,  
With their unseen bands,  
Mingling souls and voices,  
Joining hearts and hands,  
Form a mighty magnet,  
Drawing from the sea,  
Where the elemental  
Truths of ages be.  
Ho! ye friends of Progress,  
Loving God indeed,  
Join your eager forces  
For the coming need.

## ONE WE KNOW.

A SPIRIT proud and high ;  
That can not brook the bonds of stern restraint,  
That rises fierce and wild as storm-rent sky,  
At chilling, chiding, querulous complaint ;  
Pliant, as willowy wand, at sorrow's sigh,  
As wax impressive, moulded by the will,  
Made known in tender tone and wistful eye,  
And the seductive charm of Beauty's smile,  
Spurning like mettled steed with rider thrown,  
The curb compulsive, and the forced control,  
Yet meekest subject of the sceptred throne  
To which he lifts the idol of his soul ;  
Thus fine-toned harp, with myriad dainty  
strings,  
At a rude grasp discordant clamor swells ;  
But when a gentle touch its love-sweep brings  
With richest music the wide ether thrills ;  
O ! ye whose fingers strike the master-keys  
Of social life, of human weal or woe,  
Learn to awake the might be harmonies,  
And drive compulsion to the deeps below.

## ROSA McINTIRE.

ONCE there was a fine old Scotchman,  
Lord of houses, herds and acres,  
Also sixteen sons and daughters,  
Yet one only little grandling  
    Cheered the dotage of the sire,  
    Rosy, Rosa McIntire.

Blithe was she, and pert, and winning,  
Fearless, active, self-reliant,  
Clutching with her dimpled fingers,  
Fast upon the old man's heart-strings,  
    Till in death he named his heir,  
    "Rosy, Rosa McIntire."

Filled with dash of wild adventure  
As the years in benediction  
Threw her life, and power, and beauty,  
Hopeful crossed the bounding billows,  
To the land of love and freedom.  
    Many gathered to admire  
    Rosy, Rosa McIntire.

Came there one with arts bewitching,  
 With a wily facination ;  
 Form of lithe and fair proportions,  
 Face of beauty, words of smoothness.  
 Whispering voices said " Beware,  
 Rosy, Rosa McIntire."

He's a wild and reckless sailor,  
 Seeking but thy grand'ther's treasure ;  
 Trust him not, his words, so guileful,  
 Will bewilder and deceive thee ;  
 O, avoid the subtle snare !  
 Rosy, Rosa McIntire.

And she plainly heard the voices,  
 Vowed to heed them, but alas ! she  
 Loved the words of witching sweetness,  
 Loved the dashing, manly beauty,  
 And was snared, while dallying there,  
 Rosy, Rosa McIntire.

Then ne led her to the altar,  
 And with words of fond endearing  
 Gained into his faithless keeping,

All the gold, and tokened treasures,  
 And the legal bonds and tenures  
 Of the Scotchman's chosen heir,  
 Rosy, Rosa McIntire.

Then proposed a trip of pleasure,  
 Wedding tour to distant city,  
 Seated her with gentle fondness,  
 Begged to be excused a moment;  
 But she rode alone, afar,  
 Rosy, Rosa McIntire.

Gone was he, the reckless sailor,  
 With her gold, and with her papers,  
 With her *heart*, and meansless, friendless,  
 Came she to that distant city,  
 Victim of remorseful fire,  
 Ah! poor Rosa McIntire.

Learn ye from this true, true story,  
 Every youth and every maiden,  
 Heed the voices, whispering voices  
 Of the blessed intuitions,  
 Dally not with shrewd temptations,  
 O, too trustful, fond and guileless,  
 By this name avoid the snare,  
 Rosy, Rosa McIntire.

## LAMOILLE.

MERRILY meek, meandering  
    Among the hills and dells ;  
Daintily, deftly, wandering  
    Where the fairies weave their spells ;  
To the dancing shadowlets telling love  
    As smoothly soft as oil ;  
Oh ! blest once more by thy brink to rove,  
    My mellow, mild Lamoille.

Brilliant eyes, as black as night,  
    Have lightened by thy side,  
Eyes as blue as Heaven's own light,  
    Out-gleamed thy glowing tide ;  
Melting lips and manly hearts  
    Have followed every coil,  
Each sweet, capricious turn and start,  
    My mellow, mild Lamoille.



Dreamers wildest dreams have dreamed,  
     Beguiled by thee along,  
 Airiest castles real seemed  
     While listening to thy song.  
 The dreamers find their visions flown,  
     The Fates the builders foil,  
 Yet gleefully thou glidest on,  
     My mellow, mild Lamoille.

One light goes out, another sheens,  
     Thou heedest not the change;  
 Old Time has shifted many scenes,  
     And some seemed passing strange,  
 Since by thy banks fond words of love  
     Filled my soul with sweet turmoil;  
 Oh! blest once more by thy brink to rove,  
     My mellow, mild Lamoille,

## DEDICATION.

BE Truth the household god  
That reigneth here,  
And Faith the white-robed priest  
With incense rare,  
While Love, the prophetess,  
Sweet anthems sings ;  
And Peace, and Hope, and Joy,  
Fold their glad wings,  
That lab'ers worn with toil  
May seek repose  
In this serene retreat,  
And lose their woes ;  
That spirits strengthened be  
For higher flight,  
More firm to bear each cross,  
And teach the *Right*,  
A court of Heaven—a sacred shrine,  
Bright with the light of Love Divine.

## MY SPIRIT CALLS TO THINE.

My spirit calls to thine, love,  
Heart-gushes flash to thee  
Through the deep hush, divine, love,  
Through the vast electric sea :  
The sky is wondrous bright, love  
The earth is brightly fair ;  
Give life to my delight, love,  
This dreamy sweetness share ;  
My very joy is dumb, love,  
My very bliss is pain.  
Till thy quick responses come love  
To wake my own again,  
I know by the holy calm, love,  
That drapes Love's sacred shrine,  
By my soul's triumphant psalm, love,  
Thy inmost answers mine,  
That each to each will call, love,  
Forever, o'er and o'er ;  
And sweet replies enthrall, love,  
Complete forevermore.

## BEAUTIFUL MAUDE.

WE have a treasure-gem, we have a prize,  
Glad'ning the spirit, delighting the eyes,  
Opening Joy's inexhaustible store,  
Unfolding new loveliness every hour,  
Lighting the earth-home with glory untold,  
Paling the grandeur engendered by gold ;  
One rare exotic from the garden of God,  
Beautiful Maude!

Sculptor, come hither! a model for thee,  
Faultlessly fashioned! gracefully free!  
Mark every motion! no chisel the charm  
Can convey to cold marble! such changes of  
form.

Painter, behold her, and droop in despair,  
Blend jet, rose, and lily! 'twill faintly compare  
With our rare exotic from the garden of God,  
Beautiful Maude!

Poet, assay it, and weep in dismay!  
 Words are so powerless charms to convey,  
 That shift with each thought, each surpassing  
     the last,  
 Evoking new images ever surpassed  
 By the sweetness, the brightness, the richness  
     of love,  
 That floated to us from the heaven cultured  
     grove  
 With our rare exotic from the garden of God,  
     Beautiful Maude!

Yet sometimes we shake, lest the winds roughly  
     blow,  
 Lest the frosts be too chilling, too heavy the  
     snow,  
 Or quake with dumb fear, lest her presence we  
     miss  
 From the home-nest she brought such a well-  
     spring of bliss.  
 O blind! the blessed guardians of Heaven's  
     own bowers  
 Will cherish and shelter this sweetest of flowers,  
 Our own rare exotic from the garden of God,  
     Beautiful Maude!

## BABIE TALK.

“RIDIE, ridie, ride away,”  
Says Nellie Belle so chattie,  
“Papa, mama, Nell and Mae,  
Down to see poor Na-ee.  
Na-ee is so sick and sad,  
Na-ee loves us dearly,  
Na-ee 'll be so glad, so glad,  
To hear our prattle cheerly.”

Folded closely in her arms,  
Bright, beautiful, and happy,  
Feasting on the baby charms.  
Happy is poor “Na-ee.”  
“Na-ee is so sick and sad,  
Na-ee loves us dearly,  
Na-ee is so glad, so glad,  
To hear our prattle cheerly.”

Comes a thought full fraught with pain,  
 E'en while chirk and chattie,  
 The darlings soon must ride again  
 Far away from "Na-ee."

"Na-ee is so sick and sad,  
 Na-ee loves us dearly,  
 Na-ee 'll feel so bad so bad,  
 To lose our prattle cheerly."

Gone, the little ones so sweet,  
 Gone from "Auntie Mattie,"  
 Pleasant hours are ever fleet,  
 Lone is now poor "Na-ee."

"Na-ee is so sick and sad,  
 Na-ee loves us dearly,  
 Na-ee feels so bad, so bad,  
 To lose our prattle cheerly."

But though now so far away  
 In your home so pretty,  
 Nellie Belle, and Minnie Mae,  
 Don't forget poor "Na-ee."

"Na-ee is so sick and sad.  
 Na-ee loves us dearly,  
 Na-ee feels so bad, so bad,  
 To lose our prattle cheerly."

S. S. S.

S. S. S. was a beauty, the belle of our town,  
One to craze with a smile, or to kill with a  
frown,  
Her eyes were so speaking, and sparkling, and  
bright,  
Yet melting, and mellow, and mild in their  
light,  
Her lips, and her cheeks, sure you never would  
think  
How dimpled, and plump, and how prettily  
pink;  
The handsomest hand, and the fairiest foot,  
Ever pressed and caressed, ever placed in a  
boot,  
And the sunbeams of Heaven seemed prisoned  
with care  
In the wavy bright wealth of her beautiful hair.  
Well, among her admirers Ned Nolan knelt low,  
To be blest with a "yes," or undone with a  
"no!"



And pleading, protested with groan and grimace,

He'd not slept for a month, for her beautiful face.

She paused, and she pondered, considered and sighed,

Of the length of his purse, thought with pleasure and pride,

Then his bow was bewitching, and brilliant his ring,

And the chain o'er his vest was a very choice thing,

Then his dress was so dainty, his teeth were so white,

And his very moustache a bewildering sight.

A soft flutter of pleasure just stirred her repose,

As she thought him at least the most gallant of beaux :

But oh ! and aha ! soon a rival appears,

Disputing Ned's claim to this dearest of dears,

But his nose was so long, and his mouth was not small ;

And then he was certainly awkwardly tall,

His hand hard and brown with the impress of toil,

And oft his apparel told tales of the soil.

Ned viewed the contour with a glance of contempt;

And fancied from fears he was safely exempt;

But his breath was so free from the fumes of the weed,

And no imps of the cup baleful passion-fires feed;

Then intellect spake from the kingly broad brow,

And the heart was so large, and so faithfully true.

So Neddie, be wary, be thoughtful and wise,  
Or this same ugly gallant may bear off the prize.

But on with the tale! S. S. heard with delight,  
The eloquence high of her ill-favored knight,  
His treasured intelligence learned with surprise,  
And wondered with awe that one could be so wise,

Read the depths of true worth in his nature enshrined,

Integrity firm, and philanthropy kind;

Learned the glorious power of his grand self-control,

Saw the features transfigured by gleamings of soul,

Till she wondered anew, with a chiding of pain,  
 That ever she could have considered him plain;  
 And at length when he whispered her tender  
 and low,

She could not, she would not, she *did not* say  
 "no!"

O! could you have seen the astonished chagrin  
 With which dainty Ned the sad truth gath-  
 ered in!

How he said hasty words! impolite I'm afraid,  
 And scarce for that exquisite leave-taking  
 stayed;

Then he solaced himself, "He was glad he was  
 free,"

And said something more 'bout "the fish in  
 the sea."

#### MORAL.

Neglect not the mind, for the form or the face,  
 Neglect not the mind for fashion or grace,  
 For wisdom is happiness, knowledge is power,  
 And *true worth* the richest, the holiest dower;  
 Not the pearls of the ocean, or the gems of  
 the sea,

Or the mines of the mountains, can recom-  
 pense be,

For the charms of the spirit, the wealth of the  
soul,  
Gained by culture, and kindness, and stern  
self-control ;  
And they are the beautiful, they the refined,  
Who develop the highest emotions of mind.

## LOVE.

BLAME you for loving? Just as soon  
I'd blame the blooming flower  
For glad'ning in the sunshine,  
For brightening in the shower.

Blame you for loving? Just as soon  
I'd blame the forest trees  
For lifting up their stately heads,  
And waving in the breeze.

Blame you for loving? Just as soon  
I'd blame the panting deer  
For slaking all his burning thirst  
In the streamlet cool and clear.

Blame you for loving? Nay! as soon  
I'd blame my very soul  
For gushing out in loving praise  
For all things beautiful.

Blame you for loving? Nay! the power  
That placed that love within,  
And *that alone*, must be to blame,  
If *loving* be a sin.

But wo! to him who desecrates  
This highest gift of Heaven;  
And wrongs the trusting love he wins,  
*Sin ne'er to be forgiven.*

## CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

'Twas a mighty nation's triumph hour!  
Crushed were her foes, at end her wars;  
The eagle soared in pride and power,  
Triumphant waved the stripes and stars.  
From south to north, from east to west,  
A gush of joy like incense rose;  
A vast Republic's giant breast,  
Exultant heaved with thrilling throes.  
What noble act? what deed sublime?  
Shall the grandeur of this epoch speak  
Through the corridors of coming time?  
*A woman hanging by the neck!*  
And is it thus, O men of fame!  
Ye celebrate your victories?  
Like savage orgies round the flame,  
Wherein a cowering captive dies!  
O! that ye could have God-like soared  
*Above* revenge, from passion free!  
Proud pattern for a grov'ling world!  
Majestic magnanimity!

O! that ye could have traced on high,

“Come all the world, a lesson learn,  
Of the glorious *home of Liberty!*

A *blessing* for each *wrong* return.

'Twas dastardly, a *devilish* deed!

The smiting of that good old man,  
Well might a nation's great heart bleed,  
For him who nobly led the van.

So mildly just! so bravely kind!

Through seas of blood, through wails of wo,  
The harshest judgment *he* could find,

“Forgive! they know not what they do!”

But did it heal the grievous wound?

Or bring your idol back to life?

To duplicate the fiendish round,

By hanging up a poor weak wife?

O! who can tell what goaded her?

What torturing wrongs had made her mad?

What force, resistless, swept her far

Beyond life's purer, holier tide?

Treason lay trampled in the dust!

Foul Slavery's bands were rent in two.

And *Liberty* resumed her trust,

By *Justice* stern, baptized anew.

O! in the rapture of success,

Well might ye God-like mercy show



Winning a penitent caress,  
 Where *now* ye've made a *lurking foe*.  
 Thus on, and on, perpetuate  
 \*The sons of strife, each ill deplored!  
 While love and ruth are hushed in hate,  
 They take, and perish by the sword.  
 But the day *will* dawn, rejoice, O Earth;  
 When higher views prevail of Life;  
 The demon Blame shall be cast forth,  
 That foul engenderer of strife:  
 And man shall in each brother man  
 A kindred spark divine discern,  
 With calmly unimpassioned scan,  
 The causes of each erring learn:  
 And the stronger shield the weaker on  
 With loving trust with tender ruth,  
 Their censure aim at the *source* of wrongs,  
 But win the offender back to truth.

## I LOVE THEE.

I LOVE thee for thy gentleness,  
Thy ever pleasant smile,  
Thy sunny brow, thy ready zeal,  
In each recurring toil ;

And as I list thy kindly tone,  
My spirit swells in prayer,  
That unseen hands may guide thee safe  
From every subtle snare.

I can not hope, I would not wish,  
Thy lips *all* smiles to be,  
For trials, dear, make strong the soul,  
Make the spirit brave and free.

But this I ask with deep desire,  
That Wisdom, Strength, and Love,  
Thy refuge, solace, and content,  
Through coming years may prove.

“OUR HARRY.”

Do you see the cherub, but three years old,  
With brown ringed curls just touched with gold,  
Bright head thrown back in his childish zeal.  
Each generous impulse so quick to feel,  
Eyes in their earnestness twinkling starry ;  
*That is Harry.*

Wide, wide brow, with polished swells,  
That tales of artistic touches tells,  
Playfulest dimples in chin and cheek,  
Red lips that lispng fondness speak,  
Something of Cupid, and something a fairy ;  
*That is Harry.*

Sweet mouth apouting for frequent kisses,  
Gentle good-byes that gush with blisses,  
Shimmering changes of pure emotion,  
Tossing the spray from the soulful ocean,  
Whose freighted barges our high hopes carry ;  
*That is Harry.*

Do you see the man with massive brain,  
 Who over himself *will* rule and reign?  
 Who lifteth his voice for the weak oppressed,  
 While the Christ-love swelleth his heaving  
     breast?

Of freest philanthropy never charry,  
     And is *that* Harry?

Who reareth the standard of goodness high,  
 Yet heareth the frailest when they cry,  
 Who layeth the axe at the root of the tree,  
 And bareth the *causes* of the ills that be,  
 Yet would from the victim the fierce blows  
     parry;

    And is *that* Harry?

Who followeth the Right through storms of  
     hate,  
 And loveth the Good, though in low estate,  
 Yet readeth so deeply the Truths of God,  
 That he everywhere findeth the Right and  
     Good,

Anointed priest, Fact and Faith to marry;  
     And is *that* Harry?

## ISA-BELLE.

PLUMP and dimpled, sweet and fair,  
With bright blue eyes and golden hair,  
Seeing the Angels in her dreams,  
All too good for this world she seems,  
Isa-belle,

Full of caresses and loving words,  
Joyous and merry as summer birds,  
Formed for the sunshine, pure and free,  
Ah! the world is too cold for thee,  
Isa-belle.

Yet as the moonbeam's mellow light,  
Chase all the gloom from the dreary night,  
So may thy sweetness charm away  
Every ill from thy sunny May,  
Isa-belle,

Guarded by goodness, and strong in love,  
Blessing and blest may thy earth-life prove,  
Then like the glorious star of even,  
Ascend in thy beauty to gladden Heaven,  
Isa-belle.

## THINK OF ME.

THINK of me, stranger-friend,  
I know the aspirations, hopes and fears,  
The toils and trials of thy climbing years,  
With my long discipline too well affine,  
And thus thy inmost soul I well divine,  
Predict thee progress, honor and success ;  
Life's holiest recompensing power to bless,  
Think of me stranger-friend.

Think of me, stranger-friend,  
Perchance we'll yet rejoice that we have met,  
This hour a golden one in mem'ry set ;  
Perchance together smile in coming years,  
Upon these struggles, sighs, impatient tears,  
And by some well-earned goal stand side by side,  
Smiling serene upon the conquered tide,  
Think of me, stranger-friend.

## TRUTH.

MID the fanciful fancies of youth, dreamy youth,  
Freely weaveth the golden-hued meshes of  
Truth,  
Windeth inward, and outward, through nature's  
domain,  
Only follow its guidings, Life's lesson groweth  
plain.

Truth, Truth, sweet, sweet Truth,  
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like Truth.

It glistens in the dew-drop, exhaleth from the  
rose,  
Enhances every pleasure, plucks the sting from  
the woes,  
High soareth with the eagle, soft droopeth with  
the dove,  
Guideth on to perfection, through wisdom, faith  
and love.

Truth, Truth, sweet, sweet Truth,  
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like Truth.

It glows in intuition, hides deep in every soul,  
 Scorns fetherings, and fearings, spurns intoler-  
 ant control,

It teacheth by experience, it warneth by dis-  
 tress,

And sendeth Heaven's messenger to elevate  
 and bless.

Truth, Truth, sweet, sweet Truth,  
 Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like Truth.

O morning star of beauty! guide onward  
 through the gloom,

And gild with Heaven's radiance the portals  
 of the tomb,

Unveil the mystic loveliness of the wonderful  
 "First Cause,"

And fill us with the harmony of comprehended  
 laws.

Truth, Truth, sweet, sweet Truth,  
 Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like Truth.

O, dignity of Human-hood enshrining the Di-  
 vine!

Put all thy glorious garments on, with celestial  
 life affine!



Fraternally and holily, thy pilgrimage pursue,  
And the Heavens opening wide to thee, triumphant  
thou shalt view

Truth, Truth, sweet, sweet Truth,  
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like Truth.

“BROKEN-HEARTED.”

“BROKEN-HEARTED?” nay! in heart be strong!  
“Crushed in spirit?” nay! right conquers  
wrong!

“Blighted in prospect?” nay! the future teems  
With promise fairer than thy fondest dreams,  
And they who tipped with calumny the dart,  
That rankles deeply in thy quivering heart,  
Shall haste to bring the balm, the laurel crown,  
And myriad smiles repay each chilling frown.  
Gird on the armor! shrink not from the fight!  
Wave the glad banner, “Justice, Truth and  
Right,”

And strong, true arms, shall reach from heights  
of bliss,  
Lifting thee from thy woes to happiness.

“LET ME THINK.”

“LET me think!” mused little Leeta,  
By the sparkling brooklet’s brink,  
Wondering why it hurried onward.

“Let me think! O let me think!  
’Tis to greet the golden sunshine,  
’Tis to bless the drooping flowers,  
’Tis to sing its joy and gladness  
To the white-winged, fleeting hours.”

Noble lesson, sweetest Leeta,  
By Life’s rolling river brink,  
Let us turn within and murmur,  
“Let me think! O let me think!  
Whence it cometh, where it goeth,  
What its duties and its lore,  
What its glad, delightful mission,  
What the uses of its store.”

Each true life thus hurries onward,  
 Fraught with kindness, peace and love  
 Wide diffusing glowing gladness,  
 Like the radiant ones above ;  
 Singing of the Father's goodness  
 To the years whirled swiftly by,  
 Charming with its gurgling music,  
 Error's croaking, frightened cry.

Noble lesson, dearest reader, .  
 In thy mental may it sink ;  
 Ere thou judgest, or condemnest,  
 Ponder gravely—" Let me think !"  
 If the waters run not clearly  
 They have been unfitly used.  
 Free the channels—clear the sluices,  
 Pure the deeps if unabused.

Think with candor, calm, unbiased,  
 Think with firm, reliant trust,  
 In the noble powers God-given  
 For conclusions bravely just.  
 Each by his own spiral stairway,  
 Each in his own orbit whirled,  
 Gains at last the heights resplendent,  
 With Truth's banner wide unfurled.

## THY DARK EYES HAUNT ME.

THY dark eyes haunt me! from their dees  
Looks forth a lofty soul,  
Attuned to sweetest harmony  
That thrilling thoughts control,  
E'er lifting upward from the earth  
To a purer, brighter goal.

A gentle touch e'er sweeps the chords  
With melody divine,  
And fills thee with wild dreams of bliss,  
Of thoughts that echo thine,  
Unfolding glimpses to the wise  
Of affection's hidden mine.

Thou livest in a little world,  
Unseen by other eyes,  
And peopled by thy dreamy mind,  
In fancy's gorgeous dyes,  
With beings all too bright for earth,  
Too pure for mortal guise.

A gentle sadness softly rests  
 Upon the polished brow,  
 That tells that earth can never fill  
 The void that mocks thee now ;  
 Yet seeks in kindly deeds of love,  
 The hidden wealth to show.

O! cheer thee in thine earthly walks,  
 Hope's smiles deceive thee not ;  
 And every trial shall return  
 With richest fragrance fraught ;  
 Not yet, perchance, but sure as Heaven  
 Is the prize that's spirit-sought.

For God mocks not with vain desires,  
 Though he often waiteth long,  
 To purify from earthly dross  
 And make the spirit strong,  
 E'er he sends the glad fruition  
 That fills the soul with song.

## FICKLE MAN.

As breezes blow from north or south,  
One never knows where to look for them,  
As light words flow from mouth to mouth,  
And never mean what you took for them  
As the butterfly, now here, now there,  
One never knows where to think she is,  
As the foolish eye, that roving far,  
Now winks at that, now blinks at this.  
So flirting and changing,  
So fleeting and ranging,  
So false, so unstable,  
To be true so unable,  
Is man, fickle man.

Like the chameleon's varied hue,  
That changes in the sun and shade,  
Now black, now white, now green, now blue,  
Just as convenience suits the blade ;  
Like the faithless snake that now appears  
With one coat on, then quick another,

Now the light dress the false one wears  
 Is one side out, then quick another.

Now kindly respectful  
 Now coldly neglectful,  
 Now loving, now wronging,  
 Now fawning, now scorning,  
 Is man, fickle man.

Trust to the calm of an April sky,  
 And think the sunshine lasting,  
 Trust that the dew will never fly,  
 When the sun bright beams is casting.  
 Trust to the strength of the gossamer net  
 The insects weave for the bushes,  
 Trust that the color is firmly set  
 The bursting bubble flushes.  
 But trust not the smiling,  
 The winning, beguiling,  
 The truth, recollection,  
 The faith, or affection,  
 Of man, fickle man.

By thine own mouth thou standest condemned,  
 Fierce flouter of the wrongs of men ;  
 Hast thou each tide of feeling stemmed,  
 Such sweeping bolts to hurl at them ?



Bitter experience must teach  
 A deeper knowledge, clearer view,  
 And Charity's soft fingers reach  
 And touch thee from her font, anew.  
 If man is by nature  
 So faithless a creature,  
 'Tis a pitiful omen  
 His mother's a woman,  
 And the mother makes the man.

Come up from this befogging slough,  
 Be generous, and be bravely just.  
 Come, elevate the standard, thou,  
 Be saintly in unselfish trust.  
 Weaker than miser with his pelf  
 Are they who'd bind th' aspiring soul  
 Subservient alone to *self*,  
 Forgetful of the inwoven whole.  
 For loving is living,  
 Increasing with giving,  
 The freer, the surer,  
 The broader, the purer,  
 And the mother makes the man.

Was the great Architect *so* wrong,  
 Who fixed each nature's hidden springs?

Or are the discords of the song  
     But a false striking of the strings?  
 Come, bravely face the ungarnished truth,  
     Below the surface seek the laws;  
 Each wayward streamlet has, in sooth,  
     Some channeled hindrance for a cause.  
         Some repulsive relation,  
         Some defective equation,  
         Some captive unwilling,  
         The true nature chilling,  
             And the mother makes the man.

So long as glides these surface lives,  
     O'er-ruled by passion, pride and caste,  
 And rough-shod o'er crushed natures drives  
     The self-love fiats of the past,  
 So long as candor veils her face,  
     And nature blushes for her own,  
 And dwarfed opinion leaves no place  
     To right the wrongs in blindness done,  
         So long vague desirings,  
         And unmet requirings,  
         Will crop out in creatures  
         With abnormal natures,  
             For the mother makes the man.

## CHILD OF SORROW.

CHILD of sorrow, dry thy tears,  
Unseen friends are near thee!  
For these weary, wasted years,  
Purest love will cheer thee;  
Thou art not despised, forgot,  
Thou art not forsaken!  
'Tis each mortal's earthly lot  
Oft to be mistaken;  
But the Father ruleth still,  
Guideth all in kindness,  
Bringing brightness out of ill,  
Happiness from blindness.  
Then look up! be glad! rejoice!  
Lo! the bright to-morrow  
Shall to gladness tune thy voice,  
Hushing all the sorrow.  
Kindred souls shall blend with thine,  
Loving hands shall guide thee,  
Fond affections round thee twine,  
Dear ones glide beside thee;  
Then look up and dry thy tears  
For the bliss of coming years.

## SPEAKING PIECES.

FOR MASTER A. R. BROWN.

“BLESSED are the *piece*-makers,”  
And they who speak the pieces;  
They’re the lever-movers of the world,  
That gain the golden fleeces;  
And if you would be thought a trump,  
A trumpery speech will do it,  
If only with a graceful power  
You gallantly go through it.  
It makes but very little odds,  
What odds and ends are in it,  
If in approved theatric style  
You end it, and begin it.  
But if timidly you take the floor,  
You’re floored sir, that is certain,  
However fine your chosen theme,  
You’d better drop the curtain,  
Just keep to windward of the tide,  
The *tied* will blow you finely.  
But your bread will fall on th’ buttered side,

If you speak the truth too plainly,  
For manner is the thing, my lads,  
In man or woman either ;  
And now's the time to put it on,  
And familiarize together.  
Then you can speak *true* matter, too,  
No matter who you're hitting,  
The jewel will be recognized  
If you polish well the setting.

BUTTON ME UP IN THY VEST, BROTHER.

BUTTON me up in thy vest, brother,  
    Button me up in thy vest!  
It giveth me needed rest, brother,  
    Needed warmth and rest.  
I've stood so long apart, brother,  
    Shut out in the cold, apart,  
Fold me close to thy heart, brother,  
    Close to thy kind, good heart.  
I ask not for a place, brother,  
    A selfish place, or part,  
That would light another face, brother,  
    Or cheer another heart.  
Only a little niche, brother,  
    Where I may draw from thee  
The strength and peace so famished for,  
    O, brother, lend it me.  
Then button me up in thy vest, brother,  
    Close to thy faithful heart,  
I faint for the warmth and rest, brother,  
    And thou and I must part.

## FOUNTAINS BY THE WAYSIDE.

YES, earth hath its sunny places,  
Life its scenes of happiness,  
Time its dear remembered spaces,  
Hearts their little cups of bliss.

Clustering fruits, and sparkling fountains  
By the wayside, gleam for all,  
Towering heights, serenest mountains,  
Songs of triumph, swell and fall.

Let us glory in the gladness!  
Let us bathe in the delight!  
There's a wrong for every sadness,  
Let us conquer it with right.

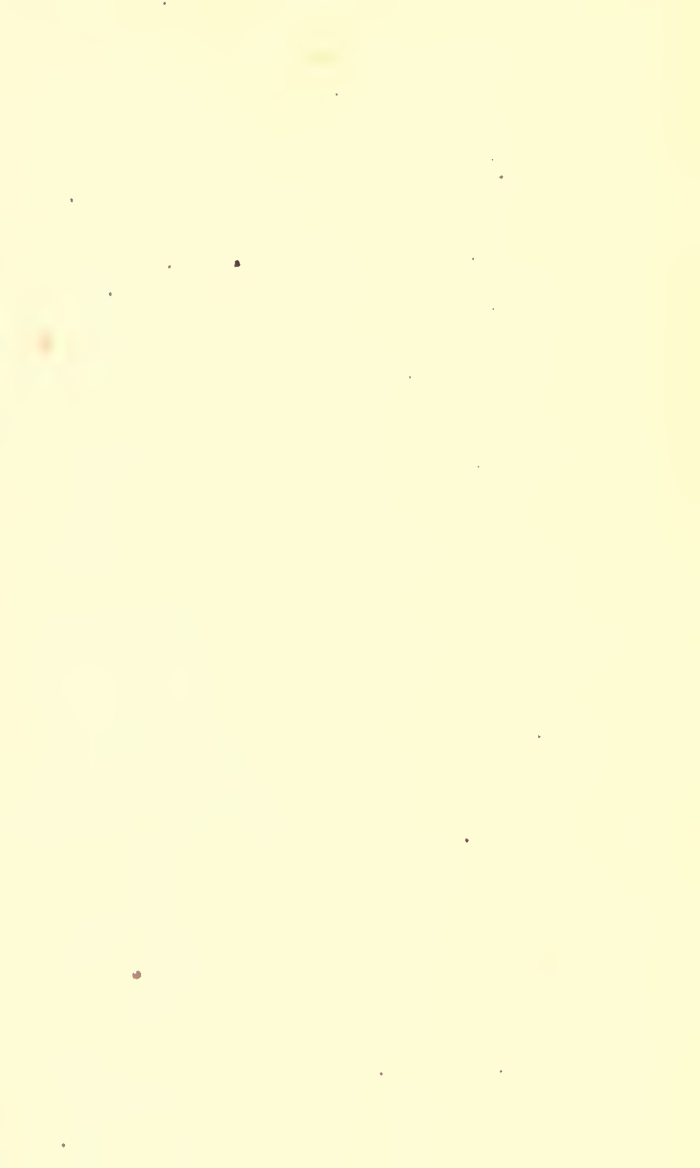
Conquer all that grieves another,  
Conquer all that giveth pain,  
For the cup we pass a brother  
Will be measured back again.





CYPRESS

Transfigured.







ANGEL GRACIE

## THERE IS NO DEATH.

It is a fearful, fearful thing, O Death!  
To love as ever love the great of heart,  
Aught that must wither 'neath thy chilling  
    breath,  
And at the bidding of thy icy touch depart.  
Ay! it is fearful! lo, the little child,  
By bird, or blossom, or the tinted cloud,  
The bubble, or the butterfly beguiled,  
Mourns, comfortless, with noisy wailing wild,  
As each is hidden 'neath thy murky shroud;  
And glowing youth, with wider range of  
    thought,  
As airy castles crumble to decay,  
Hopes fail, ambitious visions come to naught,  
Fair friendships fade, and true love's vainly  
    sought,  
And noblest aims in mockery flee away,  
Weeps anguished at thy potent breath,  
Deeming the very fount of feeling dead,  
That seeming life is but a living death,  
And at thy shadow shivers in vague dread.

Then in maturer years a deeper pain  
 Wrings the stout heart-strings as the loved ones  
 leave,

As speeds thy arrow home, again, again,  
 Of its choicest gems the sad soul to bereave,  
 In helpless, hopeless agony of pain,  
 Leaving them lone and desolate to grieve.  
 But when the eye awakes to light divine  
 The soul drinks in the balm of Truth's glad  
 lore,

The spirit bows as at some favored shrine,  
 Hailing in triumph what appalled before ;  
 Fearing no more the chill of covering sod,  
 Exultant sings, "There is no Death, thank  
 God!"

There is no Death—'tis but a shifting Life ;  
 Gathering new beauties, and a freer scope,  
 Thou'lt meet again with glorious welcome rife,  
 Each parted treasure, and each fleeting hope ;  
 The airy fabric thou shalt rear anew,  
 With a true basis, ever firmly strong ;  
 The faded vision yet shall hail thee true,  
 Griefs lost in bliss, sighs, soaring high in song,  
 The broken chalice of Life's sweetest dew  
 Return brimmed o'er to slake thy thirsting long.  
 Safe in the kaleidoscope of Time,

With brightening brightness, ever shifting  
scenes,

Harmonious changing to a tuneful chime  
With all the added wealth that wisdom gleans,  
All, all of Life but varies and returns;  
Be comforted, O every heart that mourns!  
Fling out thy armed Divinity abroad,  
There is no Death, no Death, thank God! thank  
God!

There is no Death! the glad'ning orient beams  
Of a new dawning light the weary soul;  
The future with a fairer promise teems,  
And holier faith extends its blest control.  
No more shall this dread, haunting, spectre  
ghoul,  
Of "partings endless," "death that never  
dies,"

With torture wring the timid, fearful soul;  
The Psalm of Life shall fill the echoing skies,  
And seraph voices swell the glad'ning strains,  
E'en by the open grave, the covering sod.  
Weep not, O weepers! by the cold remains  
Of cruder Life—'tis but the end of pains,  
The birth of soul to realms by Angels trod;  
There is no Death, no Death, thank God! thank  
God!

My boy, my boy! asleep with that rapt smile  
 Like sunshine flashed upon thy cherub face  
 By Angels won.

O beauteous casket! with adoring gaze,  
 Calmly serene, my hungry eyes devour  
 Its wondrous charms.

Yet deep, deep, deep the heavy, dull despair  
 Down crusheth all the hope and joy of life,  
 My light gone out.

How like a surging tide the thrilling tale  
 Of thy brief life, with hallowed memories  
 sweeps

Adown the past.

Cradled in blisses 'neath my throbbing heart,  
 The gurglings of maternal tenderness  
 Rippling in every pulsing gush of life,  
 Sang lullaby.

Fach interest, care, emotion, thought, and deed,  
 Held consecrate, subservient all to thee,

That thou like some perfected work of art  
 Might'st bless the earth.

And when the fierce pangs came, how grandly  
 soared

The mother-love in triumph o'er the pain,  
 That spake fruition, glad, of welcome cares  
 And promised joy.



Delicious moment! when the velvet cheek  
 First softly pressed its glowing couch of rest,  
 The fluttering lips with eager instinct sought  
 Their cup of life.

What waves of tenderness swept o'er my soul,  
 As fondly in my arms I pressed  
 The tiny hand, the lip, and cheek, and brow,  
 And listened for the breath that scarcely stirred  
 Thy pliant form.

And on, and on, through all the love-lit hours,  
 How did I revel in thy guileless love!  
 How bathe me in the honey-dews of joy  
 Exhaled by thy rich promise of great worth  
 And kingly power.

And I, with threads of silver on my brow,  
 Leaned upon *thee* of three sweet summers'  
 growth,

And learned high lessons of the rarest lore,  
 All loth to wait till noble manhood's seal  
 Should make thee known.

And hath grim Death defrauded earth and me?  
 Down plucked a jewel from the brow of life,  
 Drowning it deep in dark oblivion's wave?  
 Ah! no, no, no! in a brighter, higher school,  
 That priceless germ shall gloriously unfold,  
 Wafting its wealth of wisdom and delight

In waves of calmest, sweetest, tend'rest joy,  
Back to the yearning souls whose mighty need  
Of Heaven's high lore, impelling truth and  
    love,  
Forever lift them upward, to the spheres  
    above.

## PASS BY.

O ANGEL of Death, pass by! pass by!  
I shiver with fear as thou drawest nigh:  
Art thou not sated with mothers' tears,  
That flow in rivers adown the years?  
My dove-eyed, downy, birdling sweet  
Is not for thy chilling embraces meet;  
Oh! listen for once to Love's wild cry—  
Dread Angel of Death, pass by! pass by!

Thy rustling wings my heart appal!  
She's the life of my life, my only, all:  
Some new germ of promise each morning  
springs,  
And even a sweeter endearment brings;  
A healing balm from her dewy lips,  
For the crushed soul's thirsting, grieving, drips,  
The fainting spirit her soft clasp stays  
With soothing, gladdening, winsome ways;  
O, listen for once to Love's wild cry—  
Dread Angel of Death, pass by! pass by!

The last bright beam in a darkened day,  
 The last sweet bloom in a desert way,  
 The last blest drop in a cup brimmed o'er  
 With grievous grief in saddest store ;  
 Would'st thou wring it out and leave me there  
 This rayless wo, this deep despair ?  
 Nay ! listen for once to Love's wild cry—  
 Dread Angel of Death, pass by ! pass by !

He heard, and softly revealed to sight,  
 Stood a being of peace, and love, and light ;  
 He bore my blossom with tenderest care  
 Where the bowers are blest and the breezes fair,  
 Removing the mantle of earthly woes,  
 Enrobing in blisses and rapt repose ;  
 And the bloom of her beauty, the balm of her  
     bliss,  
 Beguileth my soul with a waved caress—  
 When he calleth again I will sing for joy,  
 “ Kind Angel of Death, pass *me* not by.’

“COME HOME.”

“COME home to thy kindred, come home! come home!

To the hearts of the loving that long for thee,  
come!

Away with the glooming, the shadows of earth!  
There's a light in the window, a glow on the  
hearth,

A rapturous welcome, a couch of repose,  
Sweet rivers of healing for the lightest of woes;  
There's a tone incomplete while the best-  
beloved roam—

Come home to thy kindred, come home! come home!”

## BUXTON BROTHERS.

CHARLES, ALBERT, HORACE—SOLDIERS.

“DEATH loves a shining mark!” Was't not  
enough,

Thy three-fold aim be greatly, grandly bright!  
Must each who grieves the blow be victim  
choice?

The Honored Sire, with Heaven's fair light  
gone out

The kindly eyes that speak a generous soul;  
The revered mother, many lips called  
blessed;

The fond, fair widows twain, so apt to grace  
The titles, means, and homage of success;  
Each should have moved e'en thy stern hand  
to ruth!

O, deadly foul must be the stain that calls  
Such sacrificial blood to wipe it out.

And yet, O stricken! mark the triumphant song  
A Mary heard e'er her fierce anguish came!  
How slight Death's gain! *He* came in risen  
robes.

Thus Heaven blesses those who freely lay  
Their choicest gifts on th' altar of to-day.

J. P. BRYANT.

I DID not fear to die—ah, no!  
For I knew I had a friend  
In the great, kind Father of us all,  
Who would his Angels send  
To bear me from the deadly strife  
Where freely I had thrown  
My earnest, brave, frail earthly life.  
For the love of Right alone.  
But I thought of *thee*, my fond and true  
Of the darlings, mine and thine,  
And my soul went forth in love and prayer  
To a high and holy shrine.  
Went forth to seek its own again—  
Went forth to them and thee;  
Turn not in tears to a Southern grave,  
Death parts not thee and me!  
A husband's love, a father's care,  
Ye have not lacked, or lost;  
O, calmly rest in these true, strong arms.  
My own, my tempest-tost!

## ANNA.

GENTLE Anna, loving Anna,  
Gone to sleep amid the flowers ;  
Sweet her memory, little charmer,  
Naught of earth can ever harm her ;  
Lost to sight, yet ever ours,  
Glorious in her angel beauty  
Where delight and love are duty,  
In the radiant, heavenly bowers.

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## FOR MARIAN'S MOTHER.

TRUST in God ! He knoweth best  
What dear soul hath need of rest ;  
Knoweth who hath nerve to bear  
Life's sad weight of grief and care ;  
Wafts the weary from their woes,—  
Grudge them not their blest repose.



## FANNY.

DEAREST and sweetest of girlie pets,  
Eye-beams of azure, and curly jets  
Golden as sunshine, sheening about  
Like rays from thy love-nature gleaming out;  
Singing of Angels, and dreaming of heaven;  
Blessed the boon the good Father has given,  
Safety from sorrow, and every snare,  
Bathed in the bliss of the bright "Over There."  
Lost to us? nay! thou art still our own,  
Sweeter and purer, more beautiful grown.

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## AMONG THE BLOSSOMS.

SLEEPS the earth-form 'mong the blossoms,  
Darling Nellie, gleam of light,  
While unfolds in Angel bosoms  
Charms too fair for earthly blight.

## LITTLE LULIE.

GERM of beauty, too refined  
In the earth sphere to unfold;  
Loving spirits, fondly kind,  
Won thee from its chilling cold.  
But the tendrils of our love,  
Oft shall draw thee to our side,  
From the bowers where Angels rove,  
Still our treasure, blessing, pride,  
Teaching us the placid lore,  
Gladdening yon celestial shore.

“BIRDIE.”

O MINE is a beautiful home, mama!  
Your “Birdie” beloved is *so* blest,  
'Neath the sheltering wings of the love divine,  
In the glorious heavenly nest.

O mine are the happiest songs, mama,  
That ever a “Birdie” sang!  
In the arbored branches that never fade,  
Where the dew-drops of happiness hang!

And mine is the lovingest heart, mama,  
That e'er throbbed in a “Birdie's” breast;  
'Twill swell with a thrill of rapturous joy  
When I welcome you home to the nest!

But I would not come for you now, mama,  
*He* needeth the light of your love,  
My father, who mourns for his “Birdie” flown,  
Far more than I need it above.



But often I'll come with my songs, mama,  
Let the spirit ear list for the tone,  
In the home-nest of earth, with its tenderest  
hearts,  
Your "Birdie" ne'er leaves you alone.

“ALLIE.”

SOFTLY, softly—deep as death,  
Still the sigh and hush the breath,  
Softly—saddest sorrow weeps—  
Allie sleeps!

Gently, gently—Angels glide  
Round the casket, side by side,  
Gently smile—while sorrow weeps—  
Allie sleeps!

Sweetly, sweetly—songs arise  
To the plains of Paradise,  
Sweetly—still, sad sorrow weeps—  
Allie sleeps!

Brightly, brightly—gleams a star  
In the blue of Heaven afar,  
Brightly—sorrow dries her eyes—  
Allie wakes in Paradise!

ANTHA.

IN all thy weary way, O tireless Death,  
    Could'st thou not find for thee a fitter prey?  
Some time-worn mourner, hungering for thy  
    breath?

By want, and wo, and terror, held at bay?—  
Our pride, our glory, our sweet singing bird,  
    In all the prime of Youth, and Hope, and  
    Love—

Life fraught with joy till all its deeps were  
    stirred—

How could'st thou smite within her nest, the  
    Dove?

Yet not to thee, O Death! we look beyond!

    Thou'rt. but the agent of a mightier hand,  
That waves all wisely the love-guided wand,  
    That bids thee lead to yon Elysian land.

O! safer there from Life's too chilling blasts  
    Is our beloved, *and we her bliss may share,*  
For love. like hers and ours *forever* lasts;

*We thank thee, Father, for thy tender care.*

## LITTLE WILLIE

WILLIE, sweet, Willie, sweet,  
Put off the shoes from the dimpled feet!  
Smooth the soft hair, the pillow place,  
Fold snowy drapery over the face,  
Beautiful hands on the icy breast;  
Willie, wee darling, is with the blest.

Willie, sweet, Willie, sweet,  
Soon on the sorrowless shore we'll meet,  
Safe to the glow of the saintly bliss,  
Welcomed by him we weep to miss;  
Glorious Faith! bereft of fear—  
Willie, wee darling, is still so near.

## EBBIE AND ANGIE.

O MY little ones! my jewels!

O my dovelets, all too fair!

Was't for this we loved, and welcomed

All the pain, and toil, and care?

Was't that Death might taste your sweetness?

Was't to feed the insatiate grave,

That the deeps of Love parental

Joyfully its treasures gave?

No! ah, no! God hath not mocked us!

Radiant on a brighter shore

They are waiting in their beauty,

They are ours forever more.



MRS. GROVER.

AN! yes, it is cozily pleasant!

White cottage, just mellowed with green,  
With its comforts, and cheery adornings,  
With quietude smiling serene.

But sometimes the hush groweth painful,  
And anon it is peopled throughout;  
Then fadeth away like a vision,

While the past glideth swiftly about.

Look yonder! just over the hill-tops;

Catch a glimpse of the orchard, and grove,  
And the roof that looms up in the distance;

O, *there* was my hey-day of love.

There I walked by *his* side in Life's labors,

How easy the burden! how blest!

Though eleven were the sons and the daughters,  
Evoking Love's highest behest.

Eleven, as the years hurried onward,

Sweet forms nestled close to my heart;  
Grew up, strewing love's purest jewels,  
Ere the Death-Angel tore us apart.

Then Edward, my pride and my darling,  
Just looking so manly and brave,  
With sixteen glad years of acquiring,  
We mournfully laid in the grave.  
O, methought 'twas a terrible sorrow!  
But the next o'ershadowed it quite,  
When they laid the good father beside him,  
And hid his loved form from my sight;  
Then faster, and faster, and faster,  
Came the summons from over the tide;  
Ann, Marcia, sweet Ella, and Ellen,  
Then Mason afar from me died.  
The others, with sons and with daughters,  
Give life to a home of their own,  
And I sit me down 'mong the shadows,  
Recalling the past, all alone.  
All alone? nay, the dear ones are with me,  
I feel the rich glow of their love,  
And they whisper me through the hushed  
moments,  
"Hasten home! we await thee above.  
We await thee with timbrels and dances,  
With the fruit of the field and the grove,  
With the wine of the vine and the fountain—  
Hasten home to our Eden of Love!

SERG. GEORGE F. BLANCHARD.

KILLED WHILE DEFENDING A BATTERY AT CEDAR CREEK,  
OCT. 19TH, 1864.

'Twas midnight. Deepest silence reigned;  
The stalwart soldier prone, asleep,  
Revelled in dreams of battles gained,  
Exulting climbed Fame's magic steep;  
Again his own green mountain pressed,  
Engirt with honor, crowned with bay,  
While fair-browed peace his country blessed,  
And ushered in Love's gala day.  
Then by his very rapture roused,  
With noiseless step and gentle hand,  
While all the vast encampment drowsed,  
High thoughts to household idols penned.  
"We're safe intrenched, we're bold and strong!  
We falter not, or fear!  
Each heart throbs patriotic song,  
And Victory hov'reth near.  
And when this madness is wiped out,  
Triumphant we shall come,

With bounding pulse, with glad'ning shout,  
 To the treasured ones at home."  
 But morning dawned! 'mid fog and gloom.  
 The wily foe, with subtle skill,  
 Like a sudden thunderbolt of doom,  
 On the unsuspecting heroes fell.  
 O, how they mow them! shell and shot  
 Make direst havoc! lo, they break!  
 Disorderly fly the fatal spot,  
 Captives and cannon in their wake!  
 But, like an adamantine rock,  
 Still spouting doom and fiery death,  
 One battery withstands the shock,  
 One martyr faithful unto death  
 Holds firm till rings the clarion tone  
 Of Sheridan's fierce rallying cry,  
 And the day so nearly lost is won—  
 He standeth firm, alas! to DIE!  
 "O, sad the news my pen must tell!"  
 Thus wrote a comrade kind,  
 "Your husband, father, brother, *fell*,  
 But he hath left behind  
 A record traced in fairest lines,  
 Of bravest loyal zeal,  
 And reverent Love her laurel twines,  
 Grief's poignant pangs to heal."

O, aching hearts! O, stricken band!

O, daughter, swooning like the dead!

O, moaning, grieving, bleeding land!

O, frantic War, so bloody red!

Where bides the pen bedipped in flame,

Such woful records apt to trace?

What might hast thou, high-sounding Fame,

Such fearful etchings to efface?

And yet, look up! O tempest-tost!

Look up! O soul with anguish riven!

No hope, or joy, or love, is lost;

They're garnered safe in yon bright haven,

Embalmed for thee by care Divine,

Safe in the boundless heart of Love!

This incense to thy spirit's shrine,

Floats from Elysian bowers above.

“O loving friends! O tender hearts!

Be comforted, be strong;

Each joy, or grief, some tone imparts

To the grand triumphal song;

Some needed tone to swell complete

The anthem grand and high,

Whose harmonies with blisses fleet

Through all Eternity;

What 'vantage then, if soon, or late,

We drop the grosser dress

That veils the rapturous estate  
Of the spirit's happiness?  
Ay! only veils, not separates,  
My Charlie! watchful eyes  
Smile upon *worth* from Heaven's gates,  
From the heights of Paradise."

## FREDDIE KNOX,

AGED THREE.

Just at the last, with a halo of brightness irradiating his sweet features, he waved his hand exultingly and said, "See the babies, mama, see the babies."

A BEAUTIFUL bud, so purely sweet,  
So bright with the light of love,  
Sprang up in the heat of Earth's weary street,  
That lest it be trampled by careless feet  
The Angels watched above.  
And the cherubs that love 'neath the Tree of  
Life,  
By the brink of the River of God,  
Were commissioned to gather from earthly strife,  
And bear to their bowers, with beauty rife,  
This bud from its lower abode.  
He saw their fleecy white garments wave,  
Saw their radiant features fair,  
And his eyes grew bright with the light they  
lave,  
And his dimpled hand a welcome gave—  
"See the babies, the babies there!"

They gathered him up, that beautiful band,  
The sweetest babe of them all,  
To walk with them on the golden strand.  
Still gleams the wave of that dimpled hand—  
“Come higher!” the babies call.  
“Why weepest thou, mother, with gushing  
grief,  
Come higher and taste our joy,  
When bravely borne Life’s burden brief,  
We will bring thee a rapturous, blest relief,  
And thy tenderly cherished boy.”







RIDDER, J. C. L. D. G.

“LET ME GO.”

“LET me go, the Angels call me—  
Mother, darling, let me go.  
See, they're waiting all around me,  
And the fever hurts me so—  
I will come again with grandma,  
Mother, *can't* you let me go?”

“My God, he is dying—my child, my child;  
Out from my Life-dream the day-star is hurled.  
Must he fade like a dream, and no semblance  
remain  
Of the beautiful Angel I've given to Heaven?  
Alas! the rare picture I hold in my heart  
No pencil hath painted to gladden my eyes;  
O, soul of my soul! I will fold thee so fast  
The dread Angel of Death *can not* tear us  
apart.”

“Let me go, the Angels call me—  
Mother, darling, let me go.  
Grandma says 'tis so much better,”

And the fever *hurts me so*—  
 You shall have my spirit picture  
 If you'll only let me go."

"Do I dream that I love him, yet hold him in  
 pain . . .  
 From the bright ones who seek him to share  
 their delight?  
 O, cruel affection! O, blinded self-love—  
 Nay! go, O, my darling, and bless me from  
 Heaven."

By her hearthstone, sad and dreary,  
 Many, many miles away,  
 Sat a widow, near Life's sunset,  
 Holding sternest want at bay.  
 "One crust more—alas! 'tis mouldy;  
 Father, has it come to this?"  
 Straight there shone a golden glory—  
 Straight there fell a shower of bliss;  
 Two bright forms appeared beside her,  
 One of age, and one a child.  
 "Sketch my darling," said the elder,  
 "And your empty board is filled."  
 Then a strange skill seized her fingers,  
 And the sweet face of the boy,

Perfect in its manly beauty,  
    Radiant in its Heaven-born joy,  
Cheered the heart of the lone mother,  
    Touched her soul with generous love.  
Smiled the widow in her plenty,  
    And the Angels smiled above.

## CAUGHT IN THE PICKER.

“Now, Michee, my laddie, be careful;  
Those flying teeth, don't get too near—  
It frets me to think you're in danger,  
My heart freezeth fast with its fear.  
My brave one, so pleasant and willing,  
Ever ready of hand and of heart;  
In the strife for dear life that is needful,  
So manlike in doing your part.  
'Tis true, we've nine others beside you,  
But never a one could we spare,  
And *you*, O, my heart would be broken!  
So, Michee, beloved, have a care.”

“O, never you fret for me, mother,  
For I'm just the lad you will prove  
To bear you safe over Life's breakers,  
To a palace of plenty love.”

*“My God! what is this they are telling?  
“My God! what's the sight that I see?”*

My Michee, all wounded and bleeding,  
 With his death-hurt, they're bringing to me."

"Now, never you fret for me, mother,  
 I've just 'cut across' to my home,  
 And I'll live for you still, bless and love you,  
 And care for you all till you come.

O, fondest and faithfulest mother!

'Twere sad if with ten by your side,  
 You'd never an angel in Glory'

To welcome you over the tide.

Until then I am watchfully near you,

Bringing comfort and strength from above,  
 I'm the better to guide o'er the breakers  
 To God's blessed sunshine and love."

## JENNIE.

O, how we miss thee ! beauteous, suff'ring one !  
Bound faster to our hearts by every pain ;  
Wide, pleading eyes, with lustre all their own,  
How will they thrill us when we meet again !  
O, help us thank thee ! kindest Father, God,  
For the blest privilege to present to Thee  
So sweet an off'ring for the blest abode,  
Where, with our treasures, soon we'll garner  
    be.



## CLARA.

METHOUGHT those pattering, fairy feet,  
    Would supply my faltering need,  
That amid all the bitterness, so much of sweet  
    Would ever be mine indeed.  
And a beautiful fabric, of light and love,  
    Hope wove with tenderest care ;  
And the warp and the woof was my idol, my  
    dove,  
    And, lo ! she is sleeping there.  
O, to lay her away in the dreary mold,  
    My beautiful, winsome one,  
My spirit moaned, and my heart grew cold,  
    While I murmured, "Thy will be done."  
"Sing glory, papa, sing glory," she said,  
    And her feeble voice joined in the strain ;  
Then, "dear mama, Jennie, *so* dear," and laid  
    Her head on my heart again.  
"Blessed the little ones, trust in God,"  
    I will, my soul, I will,  
And when the lowly vale I have trod,  
    We will meet on the heavenly hill.

## JULIA.

GONE, gone from the bosom,  
Pet lamb of the fold ;  
Thy jetty curls drooping,  
Thy loving heart cold.  
We shall miss thee, and mourn thee,  
Our idolized one,  
But 'tis well with thee, darling,  
Let God's will be done.

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## ABBIE.

ABBY, sister, Julia calls,  
Bliss is lone without thee ;  
Fondest mother, do not mourn,  
We are still about thee ,  
Radiant, glorious arms entwined,  
Singing songs of Gladness,  
Think of this, ye loved ones kind,  
Grieve us not with sadness.

## MINNIE.

WINSOME Minnie, blithesome Minnie,  
Glowing sunbeam, ray of light!  
How we wept when kindred Angels  
Bore our darling from our sight.

Yet, oft as the morning breaketh,  
While we greet the golden dawn,  
Nestling to our hearts, she cometh  
With soft whispers,—petted fawn.

And as twilight flings its shadows  
O'er our little clust'ring band,  
Then again we hear her music;  
Clasp the little dimpled hand.

And we're waiting, trustful waiting,  
For the hour so fraught with bliss,  
When her radiant spirit beauty  
Greets us in its loveliness.

## THE LAME GIRL.

I'M not a "lame girl," now, mother,  
My feet are well and strong  
To follow where the Angels lead  
As I learn the glad, new song;  
A song so full of love divine,  
Of deep, delicious bliss;  
Methinks you, too, must thrill with joy,  
Must share the happiness.

You loved to hear me sing, mother,  
I think you loved me more,  
For the weight of helpless suffering  
Your poor lame daughter bore;  
O! how your kind heart must rejoice  
To think relief has come;  
That she roams serene in the healing shade  
By the river banks of home.

## ONLY ONE.

“ONLY one—our noble hearted,  
Only one—our pride and strength,  
Only one—and he departed,  
Only one—alone, at length.  
Just as promise touched fruition,  
Just as manhood’s glory broke—  
O, the sad, heart-rent rendition!  
O, the fearful, death-dealt stroke!  
Childless—through the lengthening shadows,  
Childless—down the dreary slope,  
Childless—O, the void it telleth,  
Childless—knell of highest hope.”  
Nay! O, nay! a bright form glideth,  
Ever radiant, by your side:  
Nay! O, nay! the life abideth,  
Springing from love’s living tide;  
Only gone to nobler teachers,  
Only gone to a fitter clime;

Waiting to rehearse their glories  
When the true life bursts sublime—  
Blessing all the lengthening shadows,  
Gilding the love-hallowed slope,  
Crowning, in the gorgeous dawning,  
Higher than the highest hope.

## HOW I LONGED FOR THEE.

WHEN the fever pangs were raging,  
How I longed for thee!  
When with Death fierce contest waging,  
How I longed for thee!  
Longed for one more kindly token,  
One more pledge of ties unbroken,  
Words of love by thy lips spoken—  
One more glimpse of thee.

Roaming, now, in realms supernal,  
Still I turn to thee!  
Revelling in joys eternal,  
Still I turn to thee!  
Long to clasp thee, and caress thee,  
Soothe thee, cheer thee, guard and bless thee,  
With my presence to impress thee—  
Turning e'er to thee.

Should the way seem dark before thee,  
Darling, turn to me!

Should a shadow gather o'er thee,  
Darling, turn to me!

I will cherish, shelter, guide thee,  
That no ill may e'er betide thee,  
Roaming evermore beside thee—  
Darling, trust in me.

Soon thine earthly lessons ended,  
Thou wilt haste to me!

Soon in endless blisses blended,  
We will wander free!

Where the air is brightest, purest,  
Happiness completest, surest,  
Bound by ties for aye securest—  
Evermore with me.



“HE NEVER SAW HIS FATHER.”

HE never saw his father,  
My beautiful! my boy!  
Those glorious eyes to an orphanhood  
Awoke in their baby joy!

He never saw his father!  
Poor darling—wo is me!  
O! that the foe that dealt his death  
Could but have looked at thee!

He never saw his father!  
O! with what manly pride  
He would have held thee to his breast,  
While gushed the deep love-tide!

He never saw his father!  
The dream of Eden bliss  
That thrilled our souls with wild delight,  
How could it end in this?

He never saw his father!

My heart, my heart will break!  
 O, who will guide thy tender steps,  
 And struggle for thy sake?

For thine and mine, my beautiful!  
 Since in a southern grave  
 Lies buried deep the brave, true heart  
 We would have died to save.

The light has gone from out thy life,  
 And mine is deepest gloom;  
 O! that we were with him asleep  
 Within that southern tomb.

“Not so, beloved, ah, no! not so—  
 For ye I’m living yet;  
 That blissful dream will never fade,  
 Love’s sun will never set.”

“Live on, to give and take delight!  
 Live on; in placid faith!  
 The love that shelters thee and thine  
 Is mightier far than death.”

“LITTLE WARRIE.”

ARE you grieving, Ma, my darling,  
For your little Warrie still,  
While the sad sighs heave your bosom,  
And the tears your sweet eyes fill?

Please remember, Ma, my darling,  
The brave words your Warrie said  
Ere the Angels bore him upward,  
“Why should any mourn the dead?”

Sweetest, brightest, Ma, my darling,  
To your heart your Warrie seemed,  
But of this, the Angel beauty,  
You the half have never dreamed.

O, be joyful! Ma, my darling;  
This is now your Warrie's prayer,  
For no shade can mar the brightness  
If you'll but my blisses share.

## THREE ON EARTH AND THREE IN HEAVEN.

THREE sweet girls—Three darling boys,  
Priceless jewels, crowning joys,  
Life and love to me have given,  
Three on earth—and three in Heaven.

Three to brighten toil and care—  
Three to catch each whispered prayer,  
Three to cheer me while I wait—  
Three to meet me at the gate.

Three the earthly home to grace—  
Three to consecrate a place  
To receive me when in death  
Droops the mortal, sleeps the breath.

Glorious Life, and glorious Love!  
Blessed here, and blest above:  
Praises for the Angels given—  
Three on earth—and three in Heaven.

## THEY WILL NOT LISTEN.

WHY clingest thou to shroud and pall,  
O, Earth! with floods of weeping?  
Why yieldest thou a passive thrall?  
Dread Death thy dungeon keeping.  
With thoughts aglow with living fire,  
Words with joy-dews aglisten,  
We come, your loved ones, nigher, nigher—  
O, if ye will but listen!

“My brother, from the cradle on  
By blest affection hallowed,  
Who feeling half thy sunlight gone,  
My cold form moaning followed.—  
I stretch my hands to touch thine eyes,  
My own with love aglisten,  
And murmur truths to hush thy sighs—  
Ah, me! he will not listen.

Sweet sister—of my fluctuous years ·  
 The loveliest part, and brightest,  
 I'd fain transmute to bliss thy tears  
 When death and the grave affrightest.  
 I yearn to meet thee, soul to soul,  
 With Heaven's delights aglisten,  
 Proving the glories of Life's goal—  
 But, O! she will not listen.

“Father revered—I would repay  
 The debt of love I owe thee;  
 Rend from thine eyes the veil away,  
 Thy buried treasures show thee.  
 To thee with glory-beams of light,  
 With eagerness aglisten,  
 I hasten with all loving might—”  
 Alas! he will not listen.

“Best, fondest mother—surely thou  
 Wilt catch each whispered token;  
 By thy pure, tender spirit, who  
 E'er found hope's promise broken?  
 A child of thine ne'er called in vain,  
 O, welcome me, aglisten  
 With the old-time love I crave again—”  
 My God! she will not listen.

"My mightier self—my soul's high lord  
 Great heart my own enshrining,  
 Despite the murky, veiling sward,  
 In thy folded arms reclining,  
 I'll tell thee of Elysian joys,  
 With Eden's bliss aglisten,  
 Unmixed with Earth's too apt alloys—"  
 Heaven help! he will not listen.

"My girl—my boy—fair idols twain,  
 Holiest and richest treasures,  
 My kingdom, sceptre, and my crown,  
 Concent'ring all life's pleasures;  
 Poor, loveful hearts, aweeping blood!  
 Sweet eyes with tears aglisten,  
*Ye are not motherless!*"—O, God!  
 'Tis vain, they will not listen.

O, Earth, Earth, Earth! how long, how long  
 Wilt thou hug the bonds that thrall thee?  
 And vainly to the victor's song  
 Thy re-born children call thee?  
 With faith and joy, with light and love,  
 Celestial comers glisten;  
 Deep gloom of darkness, swift remove—  
 Our loved ones soon *shall* listen.

*Then* life will lose its bitterness,  
And Earth forget her sorrow,  
While the weary-hearted catch the gleam  
Of the glad, immortal morrow.  
And over all, resplendently,  
Truth's bow of promise glisten,  
When to God's messengers of love  
*All* shall delighted listen.



Within the Veil.



## WAITING.

WAITING, waiting, half impatient,  
For the influx of the tide  
From Truth's swelling, boundless Ocean,  
Waiting by the water's side.  
Waiting, waiting—roll ye billows,  
Meet this eager, wild desire,  
Praying, hoping, half despairing,  
Reft of power save to aspire.  
Waiting, waiting—filled with echoes  
Of the ocean's grand old voice;  
Longing to peal forth an anthem,  
Bidding all the world rejoice.  
Waiting, waiting—all my being  
Pouring one beseeching strain,  
“Bear me bravely on thy bosom,  
O, thou glorious, heaving main!”  
Waiting, waiting—rapt with worship  
By Truth's gurgling water side;  
Waiting, yearning in my weakness,  
For the influx of the tide.

## LISTEN TO THE VOICES!

Ò! LISTEN to the voices that whisper thee, whisper thee—

Angel voices.

Sweet are the tidings they bring to thee, bring to thee—

Heaven rejoices!

Come out into the sunlight, cloud-covered soul!

Lave in the love-light, drink from the bowl

Dipt in the wave where the Life-waters roll—

Sweet are the songs of the voices.

Eager, loving spirits are beck'ning thee, beck'ning thee—

“Come up hither!

The beautiful blossoms we bring to thee, bring to thee—

Never wither.

We'll enwreathe thee with garlands, will bless thee with love,

We'll lift thee in triumph life's trials above,  
 By the power of inspiration thy ready lips we'll  
     move—

O, hasten thee, hasten thee hither!"

O! listen to the voices that plead with thee,  
     plead with thee—

“Kindred spirit.

Glorious our labor! we have need of thee,  
     need of thee—

Come share its merit!

As legions of glad Angels engirt the Nazarene,  
 As Moses and Elias on the sacred mount were  
     seen,

Thus cheering and sustaining thee in blessed-  
     ness serene—

    . We'll labor together, sweet spirit.”

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## NINEVAH.

NOT with a Jonah's anathema,  
    Ninevah! O, Ninevah!  
Come the legions of light to thee to-day,  
    Ninevah! O, Ninevah!  
But to rear the banner of self-reliance,  
Serene in the strength of truth's defiance;  
Gird on the armor of Spirit lore,  
List to the friends who have gone before,  
And glory shall crown thee from the other shore,  
    Ninevah! O, Ninevah!

The tallest of oaks from acorns grow,  
    Ninevah! O, Ninevah!  
Thy sowers may seem to thee weak and low,  
    Ninevah! O, Ninevah!  
But only be strong in the cause of right,  
Labor unwearied with fervid might;  
And a glorious harvest of light and power  
Shall reward the toil of each weary hour,  
Till thou art no more a Babel-tower,  
    Ninevah! O, Ninevah!



True, thou art shadowed with many a shade,  
 Ninevah! O, Ninevah!

But our unseen forces are round thee laid,  
 Ninevah! O, Ninevah!

Only unite and persevere,  
 Reach trustingly forth to a brighter sphere;  
 Strong in the faith of a higher life,  
 Strive with an eager, aspiring strife—  
 Lo! the Future with harmony shall be rife,  
 Ninevah! O, Ninevah!

Write thee a name! write thee a name!  
 Ninevah! O, Ninevah!

That shall shine afar, like sheeted flame,  
 Ninevah! O, Ninevah!

An unwritten page, a *field* is thine!

Plant thee a vineyard, prune the vine!

Build thee a tower to reach the skies;

We await but thy calling, "Arise! arise!"

To fill thee with wonder and glad surprise,  
 Ninevah! O, Ninevah!

## BESSIE.

OPENING up to thy favored youth,  
Gleaming in radiant brightness,  
Life's pictured glory with promise ruth,  
Filleth thy soul with lightness.  
We'll tell thee how to fasten the glow  
Of Hope, and Joy, and Beauty ;  
Be this the motto, whatever you do,  
" Truth, and Trust, and Duty ! "

There's nothing to fright thee, nothing to fear!  
Goodness divine is guiding  
Over the trials, the toil, the care,  
To happiness abiding.  
Only heed the light divine,  
Guiding thee onward in beauty,  
And bear this banner to every shrine,  
" Faith, and Love, and Duty ! "

Worship in deeds of charity!  
Pray by acts of kindness!  
No penance we'll require of thee  
But growing out of blindness!  
Live for the right, and purely win  
A wreath of inner beauty;  
Bearing this standard amid Earth's din,  
"Harmony and Duty."

Angel hands shall lead thee on,  
Mother-love surround thee,  
Till thine earthly task is done—  
The fetters loosed that bound thee.  
Then thou'lt find whate'er of bloom,  
Whate'er of bliss and beauty,  
Earned by effort hither come,  
Crowning well-wrought Duty.

“SISTER AGNEZ.”

MORTALS called me Sister Agnez,  
When I worshipped in the form;  
In my youth life's tidal current  
Gushed delighted, glad and warm.  
Purest azure, dewy, dreamy,  
Deep and tender, soulful eyes,  
Wavy wealth of radiant tresses,  
Golden-tinged as sunset skies.  
Pure, broad brow, with dainty veining,  
Pearly tints, and oval lines,  
Thought-lit smile of Angel sweetness,  
Scarce the fair contour defines.  
And my heart with every beauty,  
Every sweet, caressing word,  
Revelled in bliss-haunted visions,  
Quavered like the humming bird.  
O! the rapturous joy of living!  
High ambitions! holy aims!  
Gorgeous-hued anticipations!  
Brilliant, rainbow-tinted dreams.

But, as to my widened vision  
 Came earth's sterner cares and fears,  
 And the smiles so glad and glowing  
 Oft-times were bedewed with tears—  
 Shrinking like the sweet mimosa,  
 From the chill of mortal strife;  
 Wrongs, and errings, grievings, blightings—  
 How I craved a higher life;  
 Longed to rise o'er the imperfect,  
 Leaving all the dross behind,  
 And life's purest, richest treasures,  
 Holiest founts of feeling find.  
 Dazzled by the outward seeming,  
 By the sacred semblance given,  
 Took the vestal veil, believing  
 Thus to be the bride of Heaven;  
 Thus to shut out all the jarring,  
 And in ecstasy divine,  
 In seraphic, rapt communion,  
 Slake the soul-thirst as with wine.  
 O! the fearful, dread awaking  
 From that thrilling dream of bliss;  
 O! the shud'ring that o'ertakes me  
 To recall the dread abyss  
 Of remorse, and vain regretting,  
 At the crucifixion, base,

Of the beauteous self-hood given  
     Me to cherish, culture, grace!  
 Prostrate on the cold, damp flagstone  
     Of my dreary, dismal cell,  
 Counting beads, long prayers reciting,  
     From my eyes the scales soon fell.  
 But *too late* I learned the lesson,  
     And the weary, snail-paced years  
 Came and went with troops of phantoms—  
     Buried joys, and fruitless tears;  
 Came and went with added terrors,  
     Till my spirit frantic grew  
 With its weight of wo unspoken,  
     With its yearnings for the true.  
 Reaching forth its gaunt, weird fingers,  
     Drew a gibbering demon near,  
 Almost clutching my poor heart-strings,  
     Almost grasping—'twas *Despair*.  
 Fainting at the fearful spectre,  
     Piercingly I cried to Heaven!  
 When, O, joy! a beatific  
     Vision to my sight was given.  
 With a presence soul entrancing,  
     With a soothing ne'er expressed  
 By your feeble, earth-life language,  
     Came to me a spirit blest:

Murmured words of fond endearing,  
 Laid a gentle hand in mine,  
 Said, "Dear sister, tried and faithful,  
 Never, never more repine.  
 Thou no more alone shalt languish,  
 We will all thy burdens share—  
 Long we've sought to prove our presence,  
 That we might relieve thy care."  
 O! the blessedness they brought me!  
 O, the treasures of their love!  
 Till the earth ties gently sundered,  
 And I soared with them above.  
 Then I prayed them, "O, beloved ones,  
 All my soul's with pity thrilled  
 For the pure, aspiring fair ones,  
 Blind as I, with error filled.  
 Send, O, send me to enlighten!  
 Let me save them from the fate  
*I* have suffered, for none taught *me*,  
 And I learned the truth *too* late.  
 Not alone in cell, and cloister,  
 Folded closely to the breast,  
 Is this monster, viper, error,  
 Rend'ring earth-life so unblest.  
 But by many a cherished hearth-stone,  
 O'er the blossoms of the heart,

Traileth its dank, deadly virus,  
 Bidding cheerfulness depart.  
 Bid me tell them, O, beloved ones,  
 That the Father smileth not  
 On vain penance, soul-afflicting  
 Sacrifice with sorrow fraught ;  
 But the blessed consecration  
 He requires is simply this :  
 To improve with love most holy  
 Every source of happiness ;  
 Not in idle, selfish pleasure,  
 Seeking their own good alone,  
 But with noble, grand endeavor,  
 Life's true glory making known."

Then they gathered all their forces,  
 And their batteries gently threw  
 O'er this feeble, humble mortal,  
 And, dear friends, I come to *you*—  
 Come with deepest, pure emotion,  
 With a love no words can tell,  
 Bidding you e'er trust *His* goodness,  
 Who doeth wisely, all things well.  
 Bidding you be temples, holy,  
 Consecrated to the right ;  
 Not in sadness, but delighting  
 In his blessings, bounteous, bright,



For He who with such wond'rous beauty  
 Decked the mountain, dell and plain,  
 Tinged the clouds that bathe in ether,  
 Tuned old Ocean's heaving main,  
 Filled the form that clothes the spirit  
 With such varied founts of bliss,  
 Frowns upon the vain presumption  
 That forbiddeth happiness.  
 Nay! delight is but a duty,  
 Speaking gratitude and love,  
 And the worship that He loveth  
 Is the joy that lifts above  
 Gloomy doubting, dark foreboding,  
 Fearing, and repining sad,  
 Leaving naught but faith sublimest,  
 Loving trust that maketh glad.  
 Then be happy, ever happy!  
 Freely give as ye receive,  
 Blessings, favors, kindest tokens;  
 Blooming garlands thus ye'll weave,  
 That shall blossom on forever,  
 Speaking with aroma sweet,  
 Of the goodness of the giver,  
 Strewing mercies for your feet.  
 Ay! be happy! mold in beauty  
 The true self-hood God has given;

Thus the spirit highest soareth,  
Thus ye'll be the brides of Heaven.  
Sometimes think of Sister Agnez,  
Of her tortured, wasted years,  
And, O! join her in her labors  
To dispel false faith and fears."

## HYGIENE.

[INVOCATION.]

HYGIENIA! Hygiene!  
Of fairest nymphs the peerless queen,  
Ne'er was love so eager sought  
As I woo thee—fly me not!  
Hours of languor—weary days  
Slowly pass their dreary ways,  
While for thee I sighing pine—  
Hygienia, O, be mine.

Glowing with celestial red  
Come with thy elastic tread;  
Nimble-footed, brave and strong,  
All my soul would gush in song,  
Could I fold thee to my breast,  
Shutting out this vague unrest—  
I implore thee, pleading prone,  
Hygienia, be mine own!

Strong in *thee*, life's burden, great,  
Loses its o'ercrushing weight ;  
Blest with *thee*, life's darksome night  
Glowes at eventide with light.  
Without thee I falter, faint—  
Hear me, heed me, favor grant!  
The aspiring soul to conquest lead—  
Hygiene, be mine indeed!

Health of body, spirit, soul,  
Holding wise and pure control,  
Giving color, strength and tone  
To the strivings through them shown,  
Yielding valor, zeal, and zest,  
To the toil that bringeth rest,  
Harmonizing will and power—  
Hygiene, forevermore.

## VALEDICTORY.

[E. B. Holden's, North Clarendon, Feb., 1866.]

HERE fold thy wings, O, sweet-toned harmony!  
Here stand on guard with tireless vigilance;  
Hush thou each lightest word that bears a sting,  
And crush th' ungenerous thought ere it spring  
    forth.

Sing of the daily, hourly, glorious power  
Self-conquest brings, for show'ring blessedness  
Till every weary pilgrim leaves this shrine,  
E'en as do I, with music in the soul,  
Of grateful happiness and reverent joy.

“HOW FAR FROM HOME?”

“How far from home?” I asked, as on  
I sadly toiled. The watchman spake,  
“The long, dark night is almost gone,  
The morning soon will break;  
Then weep no more, but speed thy flight,  
With Hope’s bright star thy guiding ray—  
Bright glimpses of the realms of light  
Bespeak the dawning day.”

Yon blissful land of beings bright,  
Who passed before o’er Death’s dark tide,  
Is drawing near to the raptured sight—  
The portals open wide.  
No more we weep beside the tomb,  
With breaking heart and rayless wo;  
They come and chase away the gloom,  
And Heaven begins below.

They tell us of a Father's care,  
 Safe guiding o'er the weary way,  
 Of all the blessedness we'll share  
 When night is lost in day;  
 Of sighs to songs of gladness turned,  
 Of happiness without alloy,  
 Of all that we have missed and mourned  
 Returned to crown our joy

They beckon us to a higher plane  
 Where Truth's bright fountains gurgles free,  
 They pledge our efforts to sustain,  
 Our weary hearts to stay.  
 At every conquest we achieve  
 O'er Error's rule, o'er doubt and fear,  
 Bright chaplets of delight they weave,  
 And crown the victor here.

They touch the soul with a love divine,  
 Whose radiance gildeth all of earth,  
 Evoking worship at the shrine  
 Of human weal and worth.  
 And when the spirit robes anew,  
 And flings the mortal part away,  
 Their timbrels echo ether through,  
 "This is Ascension Day."

## WE'VE BEEN ROAMING.

WE'VE been roaming, we've been roaming  
Where Elysian breezes blow,  
And we're coming, O, we're coming,  
Dear Earth-friends, to blend with you.  
We are coming, O, we're coming,  
In our robes of pearly white,  
Crowned with gems of haloed brightness,  
All too gorgeous for your sight.

We are coming, O, we're coming,  
Bringing, chalices of bliss ;  
Ye who grope amid the gloaming,  
Quaff, and thrill with happiness.  
We are coming, O, we're coming—  
Shut us not without the gate!  
Hidden through the weary ages  
Evermore—O, must we wait ?



We are coming, O, we're coming ;  
 Mother, clasp your petted child,  
 Father, fold your death-hid darling  
 In embraces undefiled.

Child, receive your Angel mother,  
 Blessing with her boundless love ;  
 Reverent greet the sainted father,  
 All his wealth parental prove.

We are coming, O, we're coming ;  
 Glad rejoice, poor widowed heart—  
 This great love shall still sustain you ;  
 Death can never bid us part.

We are coming, O, we're coming ;  
 Husbands, open wide your arms  
 To the forms that still would nestle  
 Closely with their spirit charms.

We are coming, O, we're coming  
 From the bloody battle field—  
 Welcome us with grateful greeting,  
 Though from earth-sight long concealed.

We are coming, O, we're coming ,  
 Brothers, sisters, dearest friends—  
*Agents*—peace, and joy, and gladness,  
 To your hearts the Father sends.

We are coming, O, we're coming,  
    Flooding all the place with light—  
Ye who droop amid the gloaming,  
    Could ye catch the gorgeous sight,  
Ye would thrill with bliss ecstatic,  
    Thrill with faith, and hope, and love!  
Thrill to the entrancing musin  
    Floating from the spheres above.

FOR MRS. DICKERMAN.

A QUIET plant called *heartsease*,  
Sprang from a rocky bed ;  
Nettles, and thorns, and thriving weeds,  
By the same nurture fed.  
Decked with no gaudy tinting,  
Seeking no loud applause,  
The superficial and the vain  
Made there no fawning pause.  
But the rich of thought, the soul-ful  
Oft gathered of its balm,  
For sweetly to the troubled breast  
It brought a holy calm.  
Still yearning for the sunlight,  
It struggled with the gloom,  
Wounded, and crushed, and shadowed o'er,  
Bathed in its own perfume.  
Yet deep the roots were striking,  
And wide the branches spread,  
'Till one by one each noxious plant  
Withdrew its frowning head.

Till one by one life's trials,  
Its heartaches, and its woes,  
Transmuted into good became,  
And patience won repose.  
Then crowned with well earned glory,  
Its worth grew manifest,  
And with the glowing beams of light  
So famished for, 'twas blest.  
For thus true worth e'er triumphs,  
Though often long obscured,  
And oft through tribulation brought  
In silence meek, endured.  
Brighter, and brighter growing,  
More blessing and more graced  
Till meet for higher fields than these  
In Angel garlands placed :  
Yet left behind a fragrance  
So true, and wide, and dear,  
That poets sing, and sages praise,  
And noble souls revere.  
O, say not this is overwrought !  
For earth is not so fully blest  
With tender spirits, true and kind,  
That too great praise can be expressed.  
O, could you know how sweet to me  
Has been your sympathy and aid !

How hungered and how thirsted for,  
 You'd feel the half has not been said.  
 I've something seen, and felt, and known,  
 Of human nature—of the world,  
 And Oh! how rare is generous trust  
 Bestowed upon the wronged, and hurled  
 Down from the height by effort gained  
 The sinned against must bear the ban,  
 The sinner pass along unscathed;  
 Such is the way with erring man.  
 But *you, unselfish*, never pause  
 To ask, "What will the people say?"  
 Or, "What advantage shall I gain  
 By the seeming kindness of to-day."  
 But do the good for its own sake,  
 And love the right, however crushed;  
 Then let me speak! my grateful heart  
 Would swell to bursting, were it hushed.  
 Like the joyous gleams of a pleasant dream,  
 Kind friend, dear friend of youth's bright-  
 est hours,  
 The scenes of our earthly mingling seem,  
 As I wander away in the spirit bowers;  
 And the same old ties that bound us then,  
 Oft gently draw me to thy side,  
 E'en in the busy haunts of men;  
 And when thy lonely moments glide,

I mark thy sadness, count thy sighs,  
 And whisper thoughts of promise rare,—  
 Gaze tenderly into thine eyes,  
 And strive to share each crushing care.  
 I count thy treasures o'er and o'er,  
 Of kindest feelings inly stored—  
 Their wasted sweetness still deplore,  
 And counsel thee, dispense the hoard;  
 Fling out thy sympathies, and share  
 Thy thoughts, emotions, joy and grief,  
 And thus dispel corroding care,  
 And from each sorrow find relief.  
 Like a crown of light—like a sunny ray,  
 Thou art encircled round and round  
 By the love of those who've passed away,  
 Who a resting place in thy warm heart  
 found:  
 But not fully, yet, can spirit leal  
 Supply thy nature's just demands—  
 The mortal for the mortal feel,  
 And earthly hands seek earthly hands:  
 Then be thyself! be gently true  
 To thy own sense of rightful need,  
 Till Happiness like pearly dew  
 Refresh thee with her sweetest meed.

“HERE AM I.”

[CONSECRATION.]

LOVED spirits gone before,  
Waiting our souls to bless,  
Striving to lift the door  
To light and happiness ;  
With gratitude I thrill  
For all ye've done for me,  
And to your holy will  
I would an offering be.  
My self-hood I present  
Unto your free control ;  
Make it an instrument  
To bless each weary soul—  
I've heard with bounding heart  
The Macedonian cry,  
And my whole being leaps response,  
Blest spirits, “Here am I.”

I've drank the bitterest dregs  
Of Life's too bitter cup—  
I've tasted dumb despair,  
I've yielded all of hope,

I've suffered, suffered—till  
 When sorrowing mortals sigh,  
 A sympathetic thrill  
 Fills me with agony.  
 And Oh! I long for power  
 To wipe away each tear,  
 To fill the darkened mind  
 With thoughts of hope and cheer;  
 O, essence all Divine,  
 Pervade me from on high,  
 A passive temple I would be,  
 Pure spirits, "Here am I."

Teach me how to believe  
 With all my wayward heart,  
 Teach me how to receive,  
 Teach me how to impart;  
 Teach me just how to be  
 Your fittest, ablest aid;  
 Teach Truth's bright lore to me,  
 Without one erring shade.  
 Teach me to waft away  
 The darkness from the earth,  
 To give each glorious thought  
 A still more glorious birth;



Oh! teach me all God's will,  
 An eager pupil I;  
 My empty cup ye're pledged to fill,  
 Sweet spirits, "Here am I."

What though I bear the cross?  
 What though the thorns I wear?  
 What though to bleeding feet  
 The way be rough and bare?  
 What though I feel the scorn  
 Of a misjudging world?  
 Though from each place of trust  
 I am in anger hurled?

Oh! I accept the boon  
 With sweetest, purest bliss—  
 Accept it as the pledge  
 Of future happiness—  
 Accept it all elate  
 With grateful, holy joy,  
 May I Truth's herald only be,  
 Bright spirits, "Here am I."

## BID THEM GOD SPEED.

STRONG of purpose, high in aiming,  
Firm in deeds of noble daring,  
In the cause of every human  
Sacrificing and forbearing.  
Fanned by soul-inspiring breezes,  
Cheered by gushing rills and fountains,  
Taught by nature's thrilling voices  
'Mong the Heavenward towering mountains,  
Wounded in the thorny byeways,  
Find we many a child of sorrow;  
Still imploring strength to labor  
For Truth's glorious, hast'ning morrow;  
Crying, "Angels, blessed Angels!  
Lift me higher! Lift me higher!  
Count me meet to wake the music  
Of the wondrous Human Lyre!  
Till a glad'ning oratorio  
Rings through all the sad abidings  
Of the souls not yet enlightened  
By your gospel of Glad Tidings."

Then we lead them, meekly trustful,  
 Out where untuned hearts await them,  
 Bid them "God Speed" on their mission :  
 As our agents, kindly greet them.  
 Meet them with a generous trusting,  
 With a balm for every sorrow,  
 With a whispered word of promise,  
 Telling of a glad to-morrow ;  
 And we will return the favor  
 With a rich baptismal blessing,  
 Wafted from our plane of brightness,  
 Elevating and impressing.  
 Whatsoe'er of ruth ye mete them,  
 Whatsoe'er of loving aid,  
 We will be your able debtors  
 Till the utmost be repaid.  
*We*—a Hopper, Fry, or Howard ;  
*We*—the lovers of all mortals,  
 Bringing wealth beyond computing,  
 Richest treasures from Heaven's portals ;  
 Zealous to be counteracting  
 Every deadly stain of error  
 Shadowing erst the bowers of earth-life  
 With Distrusting's gloomy terror.

## HATTIE MARCY.

MERIDEN, CONN.

FAST by her beautiful child,  
Panting its sweet life away,  
A mother, with agony wild,  
Sat the long terrible day,  
Shivering at every pang,  
Tortured by every moan,  
While a wo-laden cry to the all-Father sprang,  
“Swift! send us some child of your own,

To soften this terrible pain,  
To bring to my darling relief—  
Swift! or she ne'er breathe again—  
Swift! or I perish with grief.”  
Soft on the door fell a hand,  
Meekly a stranger drew near—  
“Who's ill? I am sent by my guardian band  
With healing—I *think* it is here.”



W. M. S. 1851



“Pardon my looks”—with a smile—

“I came in such haste at your call,  
Doubting the summons the while,  
Doubting if welcome at all.”

“Welcome? I prayed for you so!

Welcome? my Angel is saved!

At your touch the hoarse breathing grows gen-  
tle and low;

By your hand, lo! the heaving relieved.”

Heaven be my witness! henceforth

My love shall enhalo your life,

My lips shall speak loud of your worth,

My strength shall be yours in the strife.”

Doubting ones, withered by scorn,

Gain strength by this fact as ye read;

Such is the life-plane to which ye are born.

Thank Heaven for the glorious meed.

## BE TRUE.

BE true to thyself! to the spirit within thee,  
That speaks of Humanity, Mercy, and Love,  
Let the teachings of Reason and Equity win  
thee;

Society's idols soar proudly above.

Be true to thyself! never yield to another  
The birthright thy God hath bestowed upon  
thee;

For thyself thou must answer, and not for thy  
brother;

Turn within for a guide, then be faithful  
and free.

Be true to thyself! never fear the ordeal!

Like gold well refined thou shalt come from  
the fire;

Bear firmly the standard! the soul's bright  
ideal

Shall rise as thou soarest, still higher and  
higher.



Be true to thyself! never yield to a master  
 The thought or the faith which thy spirit  
 approves;

The wheels of true progress roll faster and  
 faster,

And thou must pass onward to aid as it  
 moves.

Be true to thyself! never shrinking affrighted,  
 Though slander assail thee and ignorance  
 frown;

Trim freshly thy light, and at length the be-  
 nighted

Shall rejoice in the brightness so faithfully  
 shown.

Be true to thyself! and the firmer and bolder  
 Thou battlest for freedom, the greater thy  
 sway;

Thou'lt compel the esteem of the cringing be-  
 holder,

Though he hate thee for bringing his dark-  
 ness to day.

Be true to thyself! e'en though all should for-  
 sake thee,

Triumphant at last thou'lt the victory gain;  
 And, won by thy zeal, many strive to o'ertake  
 thee,

Who now to their erring thou leavest with pain,

Be true to thyself! boundless seas spread before thee,

Of thought, and of knowledge, untraversed by man;

Give thy sails to the breeze, waiting spirits implore thee,

That new realms of beauty thy vision may scan.

Be true to thyself! when the high ones impress thee,

And bright gems of thought shall thy recompense be;

The present may martyr, the future will bless thee

And crown thee a saviour, the brave and the free.

Be true to thyself! thy reward shall be certain,

Though doubting and fearing discourage thee now;

When from thy grand future is rolled the dark curtain,

Thou'lt bless the firm purpose that guided thee through.

Be true to thyself! lo! the golden aurora

Of millennial dawning enhaloes thy soul;

Let the mantle of martyrs and heroes enfold  
thee,

They are smiling the welcome to a glorious  
goal.

Be true to thyself! from the bliss of Elysian  
Descendeth entrancing baptisms for thee ;  
The songs of the blessed shall thrill thy earth  
prison,

And glimpses of Eden thy recompense be.

Be true to thyself! and when fully victorious  
The voice of the indwelling Judge shall be  
heard :

“ Well done, good and faithful, thy labors are  
glorious ;

Come higher, up higher, and claim thy re-  
ward.

Come higher, up higher, not vain one endeavor,  
Each trial a blessing shall prove unto thee ;

Come higher, up higher, forever and ever,  
Thy existence a gush of thanksgiving shall  
be.”

## HEALING INSTITUTE.

I SEE a sylvan glade of greenest green,  
Diversified by glim'ring glade and sheen ;  
The glorious, grand, green mountain's rugged  
arms

Enfolding fondly its choice, cherished charms.  
Frost fretted fountains, deep in dazzling dish,  
Bedew with diamond drops betinted fish ;  
The brightness broken lest too bright to last,  
As shrub and shade tree shim'ring shadows  
cast.

Bright beauteous blossoms, crowning cultured  
care,

Delicious fruitage, luscious, rich and rare ;  
Brisk, blithesome bees, with drowsy humming  
roam,

Collecting courtly comfits for the comb.  
Serenely smiling, on a sunny side  
Gleam glad'ning glimpses of a garden wide,  
Where ever-varying viands thriving wait  
The most fastidious tastes to suit and sate ;

Make-merry fowls, multiform and multihued,  
 Their dainties add, with multikeyed interlude ;  
 Full flashing farther o'er the pleasant plain,  
 The wavy wealth of glistening, golden grain ;  
 Behind, beyond, bedecking dale and dell,  
 Majestic maples tales of sweetness tell,  
 In stately calmness, waiting to outpour  
 Their rich-juiced life blood for the common  
 store.

Below, all blandly bask the lowing kine,  
 Sedately toiling till the day decline,  
 For the foaming pail, the crisp and cooling  
 cream,

The fine, firm butter, and the mellow cheese ;  
 Completing thus an epicurean dream,  
 To feast the fancy and the palate please.  
 Deep-eyed Divine, o'erguarding, deign disclose  
 O'er whom this Eden its enchantment throws ;  
 The vision brightens ! In that fairy nest  
 The rare proportions of a mansion rest—  
 A palace planned with Love's consummate skill,  
 A sheltering haven for the homeless ill,  
 Where all that yields relief the suff'rer finds  
 Through the munificence of noble minds ;  
 The invigorating bath, the easy chair,  
 The fresh, elastic couch, the balmy air

Gauged through the summer heat and wintry  
cold,

By ice, and furnace, faithfully controlled.

Painting and sculpture, music and the muse,  
Hist'ry and science, lustre interfuse ;

And lo! without, the swing and saddled steed,  
Athletic games, too oft unheeded need.

Couch-cushioned coaches weave a dreamy spell,  
So, too, the lake-let's undulating swell.

O'erlooking all with Love divinest care,

Bright angel forms their batteries prepare ;

Directing those they in their wisdom choose,

Health, strength of form and mind best to  
diffuse

Puissant agents of their healing powers—

O, noble band! a holy calling yours!

This is the Christ-boon; to remove disease

And bid gaunt suff'ring yield to blissful ease ;

This is religion, pure and undefiled,

To crown with blessings every sad earth-child.

Thus, and thus only, can sins be forgiven;

Supplanting painful hell by peaceful heaven ;

Brightening yet more! O, what a view appears,

What motley groups, repairing wrongs of years.

The lame, the blind, infirm, and sick of heart,

The widow, orphan, foundling, form a part

Nay, scarce an ill of body, or of mind,  
 But in this home, "sweet home," a solace find,  
 And all unite in earnest, grand endeavor,  
 To enrich the fane, in blessing blest forever—  
 O, tell me, pure one, with the radiant hair,  
 What shadows forth this vision wondrous fair?  
 She speaks, and, O, the melody of words!  
 Liquid as notes of those embowered birds!  
 "These are the treasures, safe laid up in Heaven  
 By those to whom true faith and love are given,  
 This the religion, worship, prayers and creeds,  
 Of those believing not in forms, but deeds.  
 Love wrought cathedral! anthems hence arise,  
 Grandeur than organ-tones to the smiling skies;  
 Thanksgiving songs for happiness returned  
 To those who weary years have hopeless  
     mourned,  
 Glad, grateful gushes, echoing o'er the plains,  
 Harmonious blending with angelic strains.  
 On this great monument, defying time,  
 Come, write your name! 'twill ever tower sub-  
     lime,  
 Telling for ages, o'er and o'er again:  
 'Here labored those who loved their fellow men,  
 Who soared above life's feeble, grosser aims,  
 And lo! what lustre crowns their hallowed  
     names.'

Wouldst plant a milestone on this favored day,  
 To prove your progress in the upward way?  
 A milestone wreathed in laurels—sacred shrine,  
 Where the worn spirit may in peace recline?  
 With this sweet solace soothing every pain,  
 Frail child of earth, thou hast not lived in vain?  
 Rouse to the work! celestials the ideal  
 Present that you may make the vision real—  
 Rouse to the work! your labors shall be glo-  
     rious,  
 And o'er opposing forces e'er victorious!  
 Rouse to the work! O, never be it spoken,  
 That blessed of Angels, ye have reared no  
     token  
 To prove to a creed-cursed world the heavenly  
     favor—  
 Rouse to the work! and live in fame forever!



“A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.”

COME, children, sit with me awhile,  
We'll shut out worldly care ;  
And try to learn of Wisdom's ways,  
And lift the heart in prayer.  
Lilly, sweet, come here to me,  
I fear you were at play ;  
I'm grieved to see your mirthfulness!  
'Tis the holy Sabbath day.  
What if the Lord should strike you dead!  
You know He gave commands  
To have the man who gathered sticks  
Stoned by the people's hands.

*Lillie:*

'O! that was dreadful! dreadful! ma,  
Perhaps it was so cold  
His babies cried for food and fire!"  
(How dare you be so bold!)  
'Well, I can't see what harm it was ;  
The Lord works just the same.

The breezes, birds, and bees, sing on,  
And showers this morning came."

O, put away those wicked thoughts!  
Be quiet, and be grave ;  
I want to talk to you of God,  
And Him who died to save  
Your precious soul from burning flames  
And take it home to Heaven,  
Where golden harps, and glittering crowns,  
To all the good are given.

*Lillie :*

"And am I not *some* good, ma'ma ?  
I love you—love you so ?  
And wish *so* much you would be pleased  
With all I say and do ?"

Alas! my child, your heart is filled  
With enmity to God!  
Unless in Jesus you believe  
You'll fall beneath the rod.

*Lillie :*

"What? hate our Heavenly Father, ma,  
Who made this world so bright?  
And Jesus, who loved little ones?  
I'm sure you can't be right."

The heart is so deceitful, love,  
 By nature all depraved,  
 We must the earth-love sacrifice,  
 Or we can not be saved.

*Jennie :*

“It seems so very strange to me!  
 God made us all, you say,  
 And everything so beautiful,  
 His glory to display;  
 And when He'd made things as He pleased,  
 What glory there could be  
 In burning all the beauties up,  
 Is more than I can see.  
 Why, I should think 'twould honor Him,  
 His splendid gifts to love,  
 And to be happy as we could  
 Our gratitude would prove.”

But He's a jealous God, you know,  
 And wanteth all the heart;  
 And if you love the world too well,  
 Will speak that dread “depart.”  
 O! how I agonize in prayer,  
 That I may faithful prove  
 In teaching you God's will and way,  
 That we may meet above.

*Wallie :*

“ But the children who have got no ma  
 To pray for them, and tell  
 Of the Bible, and of Jesus Christ,  
 Must *they* go right to Hell? ”

How can they be from sin set free?  
 For how can they believe  
 On Him of whom they never heard,  
 Forgiveness to receive ?

*Wallie :*

“ But if I did not mind you, ma,  
 Because I did not know,  
 You would not be so hard with me,  
 But *kiss*, and let me go. ”

*Lillie :*

“ And if the others should be good,  
 And I a naughty one,  
 Could they be happy up in Heaven,  
 While I must burn and moan ?

*Jennie :*

No, *never*, mother—Golden crowns,  
 Or pearls, or precious stones,  
 Could never hide that haunting sight,  
 No songs shut out the groans.

No Heaven could have a charm for me  
 That shut one sad one out,  
 And God's love must be greater far,  
 And fold us all about."

My children, these rebellious thoughts  
 Come from the evil one ;  
 You must be reconciled to God,  
 And say, "Thy will be done !"  
 E'en though he slay, and cast to hell,  
 Yourself, and all you love,  
 Or you will never be prepared  
 To see his face above.  
 So fearfully his anger burns  
 'Gainst Eve and all her suite,  
 For listening to the devil and  
 Eating forbidden fruit.

*Wallie :*

"Who made the devil? did not God?  
 I would not let him run  
 Round loose, a making such a muss,  
 And spoiling all the fun !"

O, darling, don't! 'tis blasphemy ;  
 Such thoughts forever hush.

“ Shall the thing formed, its maker ask,  
 Why hast thou made me thus? ”  
 O! think of his surpassing love,  
 To send his only son  
 To save us, and undo the work  
 The devil had begun.

*Jennie:*

“ And should you call it love, ma'ma,  
 If father made at will  
 Some horrid engine, knowing it  
 Would half my sisters kill?  
 And then our little brother send  
 In obstructing it to die,  
 Because *she* was not wise enough  
 Unharmed to pass it by? ”

How can you doubt God's holy word?  
 O, sinful, sinful child!  
 So young, and such depravity!  
 You'll drive your mother wild.  
 'Twill never do to *reason* on  
 The Truths God has revealed;  
 'Tis only by unquestioning faith  
 The righteous will be sealed.

*Jennie:*

“But why did God our reason give,  
 If thinking is a sin?  
 I did not put these skeptic thoughts  
 My troubled brain within;  
 And I can find no righteous ones—  
 I’ve weighed them far and wide,  
 And find more pharisees than saints,  
 Less charity than pride.”

O! ’tis the same old serpent, still  
 Bewildering with guile;  
 Pray earnestly that God may help  
 You overcome the wile.

*Jennie:*

“But when I pray how can I tell  
 Which answers, God or devil,  
 Since reasoning is forbidden me,  
 And thinking is an evil?”

God’s holy word will tell you, child,  
 His wisdom will direct,  
 And if you perish in His wrath,  
 ’Tis through your own neglect.

*Jennie :*

“ And did not all those men, mama,  
 Take the Bible for their guide,  
 Who got so angry o’er their creeds,  
 And said each other *lied*.  
 Now if it is so very plain,  
 And his spirit guideth all,  
 How can they differ so in mind,  
 The great as well as small ;  
 And if those men so learned and wise,  
 Those saints of many prayers,  
 Get so deceived, (all can’t be right,)  
 With those long heads of theirs,  
 How can I hope to learn the truth,  
 And strike the narrow way  
 That leads to life ? since one mistep  
 Will lead me quite astray.  
 I wish the Lord would talk to me,  
 Or send the Angels down,  
 As oft he did in olden time,  
 To make his pleasure known.”

O ! you forget, my wayward child,  
 The words that Jesus said,  
 “ If Moses and the prophets fail,  
 ’Twere vain to raise the dead.



The book is closed, the words are sealed,  
 Who taketh from or adds  
 Will from the book of life be torn,  
 While God mocks and derides.

*Jennie :*

“ And are the Heavens more distant, ma,  
 The Angels grown less kind ?  
 And God forgetful of his works,  
 To leave us all so blind ?  
 Because we’ve had a feast to-day,  
 Shall we never need again  
 Fresh food and drink to satisfy  
 New needs that come to men ? ”

Such cavillings are wicked, child,  
 And prove the Bible true ;  
 The natural heart is enmity,  
 And must be born anew.

*Jennie :*

“ I’ve often heard you pray to God  
 To give *me* a new heart,  
 And since you say he answers prayer,  
 Why don’t the old one *start* ?  
 But science demonstrates to us  
 That the form, and size of brain,

Makes people what they are—must that  
 Likewise be born again?  
 If it is not, a new made heart  
 Would make me none the better;  
 And if it is, 'tis some one else,  
 Another person set there.  
 I think I'd choose to be myself,  
 And do the best I can,  
 And neither give up head, or heart,  
 At the call of priestly man."

My children all! in love with sin!  
 With mocking feelings filled,  
 Do you forget the *forty bears*  
 That wicked children killed?

*Lillie:*

"What do we do so very bad?  
 We're fond, and kind, and true,  
 I'm sure we try to please you all  
 The very best we know."

Good works will never save you, child,  
 'Tis faith in Jesus' blood,  
 And with the heart, might, mind and strength  
 To love and worship God.

*Lillie :*

“ And should I be unkind to you,  
 Or strike my little brother,  
 Would Jesus’ blood save him the pain,  
 And save me all the bother?  
 Or should I steal from Nellie Gray  
 The toys she loves so well,  
 And then to hide the cruel deed—  
 A naughty story tell—  
 Would Jesus’ blood return them, ma,  
 And prove the falsehood true?  
 Undo the wrong, and make all right,  
 No matter what I do?”

But if you love the Lord, my dear,  
 You will not, can not sin ;  
 The unclean spirit goeth out,  
 Religion enters in.

“ And so we do love everything  
 That’s beautiful and good ;  
 But such a God as that, mama,  
 I’m sure *I* never could—  
 A being great and wise enough  
 To fill us all with bliss,

Yet sending us, for ignorance,  
To Hadez dread abyss.  
Not for reform, or any good  
To God, or man, or devil,  
But to show his power, and feast revenge  
Upon the fiendish revel.  
Mother, forgive these bold, bold words,  
I know not whence they come;  
They seem to gush with golden glow  
From some illumined dome.  
A dome so bright that, dearest ma,  
Your faith grows dark as night,  
And Angel hands are leading on  
To that entrancing light.  
They gaze with grieving tenderness  
Upon your dark, sad heart,  
And long the bliss of brighter faith  
Should healing balm impart.  
You grieve lest those who've gone before  
Have failed to enter heaven—  
You shiver with continual fear  
Lest no white robes be given  
To those so precious to your sight,  
And thus in keenest pain  
You travel o'er the thorny ways  
Of Error's dark domain.

O, mother! darling, turn within,  
 And from the holy deeps  
 Of matchless tenderness you feel,  
 Judge of the power that keeps  
 The boundless, bounteous, beautiful  
 Creation all attuned  
 To waves of sweetest harmony,  
 When once the key-note's learned.  
 And all that grieves and tortures here,  
 But leads to purer bliss,  
 Lifting us higher, higher still,  
 To perfect happiness.  
 O, mother! could you only hear  
 The melody divine  
 That's floating from yon love-lit sphere,  
 No more would you repine ;  
 But op'ning all your raptured soul  
 To every sad earth-child,  
 And culturing all the beauties there  
 With heaven-born kindness filled—  
 No more the artless innocence  
 Of youth would seem a sin ;  
 The demon, Error, would depart,  
 And Truth abide within."

Go, darlings, leave me now, awhile,  
 We'll talk another day.

O! can it be a blind, dark faith  
Has led me thus astray?  
Their artless queries baffle me,  
Their sweet words thrill me through;  
May it not be their guileless souls  
Come nearest to the true?  
Whence comes this untaught eloquence?  
Is it because they stand  
Nearer the glorious Infinite?  
Nearer the Angel band?  
O, weary years of dread and fear!  
Of sacrifice and pain!  
I fling your fetters to the winds,  
I will not doubt again!  
A dark, dark veil seems rent in twain,  
And joy-beams from above  
Come flooding restful radiance  
From the great fount of love.  
O! childhood bringeth straight from God  
Rare diadems of Truth!  
And wiser than the oldest schools  
Is the inwrought trust of youth.

## BENEDICTION.

WHILE ye mingle together here,  
Waiting the birth of beauty,  
Strive each the other to bless and cheer,  
'Tis but a sacred duty.  
Link heart and spirit with firmest grasp,  
'Twill lighten every burden,  
And culminate in a sweeter clasp  
When ye meet beyond life's guerdon.  
Pluck out the least root of bitterness,  
The last wounding hatchet cover,  
Mingle and blend in sympathies,  
Loving and loved forever,  
Forgive and forget! forgive and forget!  
All but each winning merit;  
And should defects arouse regret,  
Smother it, crush it, bear it.  
Ye'll need no keys St. Peter bears  
To unlock the gates of Heaven,  
For lo! 'tis yours all unawares,  
When this sweet spirit's given.

O, friends of earth! were *all* the blest  
To join in a benediction,  
Still, e'er were this the brightest, best,  
"Let *love* be the source of action!  
Revealing itself in kindly deeds,  
In gentle words, forbearing,  
In cheering smiles, supplying needs,  
In scattering joys unsparing;  
Loving the right, and truth, and worth,  
The lofty and the lowly—  
Ay! every denizen of earth  
With tenderness most holy,  
'Till Goodness, in its triumph hour,  
On heights sublime enthrone you,  
And Love Divine, with its fullest power,  
Unite, ennoble, crown you.



“GOING, GOING.”

GOING, going—away from your kindness,  
Away from this favored retreat,  
Where the days have so happily glided  
In a mingling of sympathies sweet;  
Where I've fathomed the depths of true feeling,  
And joyed in congenial regard,  
Where has gurgled the heart's hidden fountains  
That for long weary years were unstirred.  
I've rejoiced in the gleaming of morning,  
I've welcomed the footfall of eve,  
I have hailed with delight every coming,  
I have grieved when too soon I must leave;  
I have cherished each word that was spoken,  
I have thrilled with the glance and the tone,  
And O! must I pass like a shadow,  
Unmissed, unregretted, when gone?  
Nay! think when ye're glowing with gladness,  
How my heart in your joy would delight,  
And when ye are burdened with sadness,  
How eager I'd strive with my might

To chase from each spirit its shadow,  
And woo the sweet sunshine again.  
Ah! yes, hold me fast in affection,  
And I will be strong in my pain;  
Ay! strong 'mid the heart crushing sorrow  
Of mem'ries too bitter for words—  
Of the dark years of fruitless despairing,  
Of the wrongs that no respite affords.  
Ay! strong to go forth to my labors,  
O'erfraught with their burden of care,  
And strong in the hope of reunion,  
With our barks safely moored "over there."  
"Over there," where hope's smilings deceive  
not,  
Where the hungering spirit is fed,  
And more than our fancy-taught vision,  
Shall bless us as upward we're led.

## LITTLE SISTER.

WE will sing thee a song, little sister,  
Of the cherubs that oft with us roam ;  
Of the bright little band of dear Angels  
That gladden our beautiful home—  
That win from us smiles of admiring,  
That weave for us garlands of bliss ;  
We will tell thee what renders them lovely,  
We will teach thee the charm, it is this—  
Their souls are brim-full of affection,  
Their faces bedimpled with smiles,  
Their lips murmur fond words of kindness,  
Their eyes speak the joy that beguiles.  
And this is the study and labor  
That renders them ever so fair,  
To make every spirit more happy,  
Every blessing with others to share.  
We bring them to thee, little sister,  
Never drive them away with a frown ;

Be gentle, be kind, true and loving,  
And we'll weave thee a beautiful crown  
Like theirs, gemmed with fondest affection,  
Like theirs, glowing happily bright;  
And we'll lead thee safe over life's trials,  
To a home in our mansion of light.

## WEARY.

ANGELS! I am weary,  
Fold me in your arms,  
Save me from Life's sorrows,  
Shield me from Earth's harms.  
Earth seems shorn of beauty,  
Life hath lost its zest,  
Those I loved have left me—  
How I long for rest!

Angels, I am weary!  
I have labored long,  
Wrought with earnest workers,  
Striven with the strong,  
Buffeted the billows,  
Want and care oppressed,  
Mocked by keen-eyed malice—  
How I long for rest!

Angels, I am weary!  
 Of this wearing load;  
 Must I fall exhausted  
 By the rugged road?  
 Wounded by the archers,  
 On ethereal breast,  
 In a dreamless slumber—  
 How I long for rest!

“Rouse thee! mortal, rouse thee!  
 Earth hath sorest need  
 Of each earnest worker!  
 There are hearts that bleed,  
 Souls afaint with hunger,  
 Spirits parched with thirst—  
 Deadly Error’s lurking  
 Fetters to be burst.”

“Rouse thee! mortal, rouse thee!  
 Lo, the summer sun  
 Never faints or falters!  
*His* work is never done;  
 Flooding forth his brightness  
 Far above the storm,  
 Dauntless, though the cloud-heap  
 Hide his glorious form.”

"Rouse thee! mortal, rouse thee!  
 Mark his patient trust,  
 While his warmth is scoffed at  
 By the wintry Frost;  
 Knowing Spring's sweet verdure,  
 Summer's bud and bloom,  
 Autumn's golden fruitage,  
 At his bidding come."

"Rouse thee! mortal, rouse thee!  
 Be thou like the sun!  
 Soaring o'er the shadows,  
 Love-toil never done;  
 Strong arms shall up-bear thee!  
 Be in blessing, blest—  
 Fervid, noble effort,  
 Is the grandest rest."

"Rouse thee! mortal, rouse thee!  
 Lo! the harvest field is white!  
 Thrusting in the sickle,  
 Garner with thy might;  
 This the glad fruition  
 Of thy wearing toil;  
 Thou hast sown in sorrow,  
 Gather in the spoil."

## SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

SHEEN and shadow, sheen and shadow,  
Joy, and care, and hope, and fear,  
Mark the varied scenes of earth-life,  
Mark the fitting of the year.  
Smile and tear, and grief and gladness,  
Swiftly give each other place,  
Yet impressing each a lesson,  
Needed discipline of grace ;  
And if known the hidden meaning,  
Sternest trials oft are best  
To unfold the wealth of feeling  
Sleeping in the tranquil breast.  
Then be strong, whatever burden  
It may be thy lot to bear,  
For life's purest, richest sweetness,  
Falleth freely to thy share.  
Only, like the brave apostle,  
Rest serene in love divine,



Murm'ring, "None of these things move me,"  
Should a trial hour be thine.  
Should a cloud o'er thy horizon  
Chance to throw a dimming veil,  
Lo! the sunshine gleams beyond it—  
Faith, Hope, Love, shall never fail.

## O! WHAT WILL PEOPLE SAY?

In olden times they worshipped gods  
Of iron, wood, and clay,  
But now the god that's worshipped most  
Is—"what will people say?"  
From those rude forms the mind was raised  
To the orbs that deck the sky,  
Then higher still, to a mammoth man,  
On a golden throne so high.  
They spilled the blood, and burned the flesh,  
Of heifer, lamb, and dove,  
To appease his wrath, and win his smile,  
And gain his special love.  
Then, throwing off these cruel rites,  
As the mind still higher soared,  
A fearless martyr for the *Truth*  
Was next as god adored.  
Baptized like him beneath the wave,  
To feel their sins forgiven,  
They ate his flesh and drank his blood  
That they might enter Heaven.  
Then finding that likewise in vain,  
They put the form away,

But yet, alas ! rose not above  
 The—" what will people say ?"  
 The parson, conning creeds and prayers,  
 Finds many a doubtful clause  
 At war with Reason, Science, Love,  
 And Nature's perfect laws ;  
 And longs to leave the beaten track  
 He finds so dull and bare,  
 And speak the thoughts that swell within,  
 And all their beauties share  
 With those who look to him for light,  
 Yet leads them still astray,  
 For should he doubt the " Father's " faith,  
 " O ! what would people say ?"  
 The layman listens to his words,  
 And feels their lack of power ;  
 Sees in the distance gleams of light,  
 Beyond the clouds that lower ;  
 And longs to hasten where it glows,  
 And tear himself away  
 From empty teachings, void of truth,  
 But—" what would people say ?"  
 The doctor turns from dusty tomes,  
 To study earth and air,  
 To trace the ills of mortal life  
 To the causes that impair ;

The beauty, strength, and harmony,  
 Of the human form, divine,  
 And strikes upon some new idea—  
 A hidden, golden mine  
 Of thought that he would glad reveal,  
 And fling his drugs away,  
 Commence anew on nature's track,  
 But—"what would people say?"  
 The man, benevolent and kind,  
 Beholds the suffering poor,  
 Would gladly lend them needed aid  
 From his more bounteous store;  
 Curtailing his expenses, e'en,  
 And making less display,  
 To benefit humanity,  
 But—"what would people say?"  
 The lady sees the widow's tears,  
 Oppressed with want and wo,  
 And thinks how many things she buys  
 That she could well forego;  
 Her last year's hat is just as good,  
 She'd wear it still and pay  
 The money to the widow, but—  
 "O, what would people say?"  
 She wears her long inflated skirts  
 With weariness and care,

And pays the longer bills they make  
 With a sigh, perhaps a tear,  
 And meekly from the side-walk sweeps  
 The dampened dust away ;  
 A shorter dress she knows were best,  
 But—" what would people say ?"  
 A wronged and broken hearted one,  
 Of noble soul and mind,  
 Incurs the ban of social life,  
 And ne'er a friend can find ;  
 While seeking courage, counsel, aid,  
 To yet regain her way,  
 They'd lend a hand, with all the heart,  
 But—" what would people say ?"  
 O, potent power ! with iron rod  
 O'erruling all the land,  
 How humbly bows the knee to thee,  
 How feeble is the hand  
 That would uplift its puny strength,  
 Thy mandates to resist !  
 The highest, haughtiest ones of earth,  
 Thy garment's hem have kissed,  
 And since thou art so powerful,  
 O, monarch of to-day !  
 We too will ask in all we do,  
 " O ! what will people say ?"

“NEITHER AWAKE NOR ASLEEP.”

“WHAT is he doing—the mystical man,  
Neither awake nor asleep?  
And this strange agitation—pray, what does it  
mean,  
Impelling to laugh, or to weep?  
Ne'er since we lowered our Gracie away  
Were I so mightily moved!  
O, were the “*great secret*” about to be shown,  
And blest immortality proved!  
See—his eyelids are closed, and how pale, O,  
how pale—  
Do, “Father,” step softly and peep;  
*He* will not heed it—the mystical man—  
Neither awake nor asleep.”

“O, mother! 'tis GRACIE'S dear semblance com-  
plete,  
For which you incessantly weep,  
Saved to our hearts by this mystical man,  
Thanks to the Powers who have guided his pen,  
Neither awake nor asleep,”



GRACIE ROBINSON





## SUPPLICATION.

BRING these mortals, God of love,  
From their darkness to thy light;  
To each blinded vision prove  
All thy wisdom, mercy, might.  
Teach them thou a Father art!  
And a Mother's tenderness  
Gushes from thy boundless heart,  
All mankind to cheer and bless.  
Teach them thou dost cherish *all*,  
Wilt perfect them in thy love,  
Howe'er weak, or low, or small,  
Guarded by the hosts above.  
Make them strong to conquer self,  
Free from superstition's chain,  
Free from love of hoarded pelf,  
Free to roam Truth's broad domain;  
Free from grudging, envy, hate,  
Free from harsh, accusing strain,

Free from Terror's dark estate,  
From the dreary skeptic pain.  
Teach them e'er to look within  
For the Heaven thy love ordains,  
And its blessedness they'll win  
When soul harmony obtains  
Full possession—perfect rest—  
Equalizing every power,  
Grasping all love's grand behest,  
Glorious in its triumph hour.  
And charity, the Christ-taught boon,  
The truthful soul's beatitude ;  
Judging and condemning none,  
Delighting in the pure and good.  
O! from form's and custom's rule,  
From the fear of fellow men,  
Free them through experience school,  
Though each step be marked with pain ;  
Show them thou art guiding still  
In the paths that Angels went,  
Through the lowly, darksome vale,  
Up the difficult ascent,  
To the sacred mountain's height,  
Where abides the brave and true,  
Where in brightness dwelleth light,  
Glorifying all below.

Where each grief is lost in bliss,  
Where all tears to nectar turn—  
All thy goodness pledgeth this,  
Blest, thrice blessed, they that mourn.  
Burst, O, burst the bigot's bands,  
Strengthen all who eager wait,  
To those pure Elysian lands,  
Soaring minds to guide elate.

## ROSANA.

LIKE a timid, startled fawn,  
    Rosy Anna, Rosy Anna,  
Trembles when our power is shown,  
    Rosy Anna.

Would she love her mother less,  
For a richer, brighter dress?  
Would she turn with terror cold,  
If a new replace the old?  
    Rosy Anna?

There's naught to fright thee, naught to fear,  
    Rosy Anna, Rosy Anna,  
Only kindest friends are near,  
    Rosy Anna.

Friends with love as true and warm  
As when they wore the dull earth-form,  
Friends who seek thy happiness,  
Long to cheer, and guide, and bless,  
    Rosy Anna.

'Mid the trial-scenes of life,  
    Rosy Anna, Rosy Anna,  
'Mid the darkness and the strife,  
    Rosy Anna,  
Will it not a solace prove  
To feel our presence and our love?  
O, receive us when we come!  
And we'll safely bear thee home,  
    Rosy Anna.

## THE REJECTED.

FROM a Time-crowned, murky mountain,  
Echoing creed and faction's din,  
Sprang full many a tiny fountain,  
Urged by restive springs within ;  
Hearing with a vague commotion,  
With a struggling, sweet unrest,  
Thrilling thunder-tones of Ocean,  
Calling onward to her breast.

“Scatter wide your pearly treasures!  
Bless the earth—then welcome home!”  
Still in grand, commanding measures,  
Sang the voices, “Children, come!”  
Strengthened by the summer showers,  
Dripping from glad Angel-wings,  
Let us join our feeble powers,  
And be mighty!” said the springs,  
“Blending as a band of brothers,  
Let us hasten through the plain,  
Ever gaining, drawing others,  
On, majestic to the main.

Sails of Commerce, white with duty,  
 Grateful hearts and eager hands,  
 Fertile vales, in Eden beauty,  
 Wake our progress to the strands."

Thus, aspiring, joyous dreamers!  
 Lo! a rainbow-tinted spray  
 Flung aloft its hope-lit streamers,  
 Pencilled by the dawning day.

But, e'en to the font baptismal,  
 Came a spirit of the night  
 Out from some dark cavern dismal,  
 Stalking deftly from the light;  
 Whispering still some thought suspicious,  
 Passing judgment without proof,  
 Telling, with a leer malicious,  
 "Work not with us! stand aloof!  
 We have sprung from some crowned-boulder  
 Higher up the mount than you;  
 We are holier and older,  
 Ye shall have no work to do!"

Then the gurgling, erst so joyous,  
 Sank into a tearful wail,  
 And the hope-hued bow of promise  
 Faded, faded, wan and pale;  
 But again the showers of summer,  
 From the Angels, cheered the rills,

And each love-ful strengthening comer  
Murmured, "Yonder, o'er the hills,  
Many pathways to the Ocean,  
Many fields a blessing wait.  
Peace, be still grief-thrilled commotion,  
Justice never comes too late.  
Go your ways—a stern old teacher—  
E'en Experience will prove  
More than any subtle preacher;  
Who hath wisdom, who hath love—  
And the Future, with precision,  
Holds the balance just and true;  
She will give the grand decision,  
That ye had a work to do.  
Shrink not, faint not, if rejected,  
So was once, by builders blind,  
The chief corner-stone neglected,  
Since the glory of mankind."



## FINALE.

FAIRY fingers—fairy fingers—  
Deftly weave a garland fair ;  
Twine it richly—twine it rarely—  
Twine it with a tender care ;  
Brightly glowing—softly gleaming,  
Coruscating in and out—  
Grateful love, and prayful blessings,  
Wreathing haloes all about.

Shrine it where the heart bows lowest,  
Where devotion lingers long ;  
Sacred proof of inwrought goodness,  
Shrine it with triumphal song.  
In this garland, fondly woven,  
Set each name vouchsafed to me  
For the wafting of these "Echoes"  
O'er Earth's heaving, human sea.

Fashion richly—fashion rarely—  
 Rarest coronet of gems,  
 Flashing gleams of purest lustre,  
 Dearest of all diadems;  
 Every generous deed of kindness,  
 Every cheering look and tone,  
 Every whispered word of sweetness,  
 Murmuring, “God speed! wanderer, lone.”

Set them all, O, skilful fingers!  
 Holily and highly there;  
 And that diadem, forever,  
 Gratitude shall proudly bear;  
 Glorious proof that goodness reigneth  
 Yet within us, pure and free,  
 And of Eden much remaineth  
 In Earth's heaving, human sea.

Not one smile shall be forgotten,  
 Not one word of kindness lost!  
 No sweet deed pass unrewarded  
 To the mystic Lethean coast.  
 Blessings on ye, generous hearted!  
 Blessings, blessings, one and all!  
 God, exhale my life in blessings,  
 O'er broad Earth like rain to fall!







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